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SOME IMPARTIAL
REFLEXIONS
UPON
Dr *Burnet's* Posthumous
HISTORY.

By PHILALETHES.

----- at tamen alter
Si fecisset idem, caderet sub iudice morum.
Juven.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. WILFORD, at the *Three*
Flower-de-luces, behind the *Chapter-house*,
in *St Paul's Church-yard*.

SOME IMPARTIAL
REFLECTIONS

UPON

Dr. BARNES' PREDICATIONS

HISTORY.

BY PHILALETHES.

at New York
for sale by J. W. Moore, at the
City and County of New York.
1837.



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THE PREFACE.

AUTHORS, when they have subsisted for some time upon their own bottoms with Reputation and Figure, and are like trading Men in a Commonwealth; if they once fail in their Credit, neither the present Age, nor Posterity will believe them more.

Our Doctor traded very long with a crasy Credit, no Man questioned his Opulency, yet several suspected his Fidelity: He made several trips, when alive, as particularly in his History of the Reformation, and his Travels, &c.

But since his Death, his Effects have imburfed only his Bookseller and Executors; the Learned World have large Demands, and in vain do they expect a just Satisfaction from him.

He

P R E F A C E.

He has, indeed, introduced a new Method of swearing to the Truth of what he writes. No Author ever before hit upon this way: And he dedicates his Book to that Eternal Being, who at one view, can see all that tortures us Mortals with Pain and Labour to find out: He can best tell, whether Charles II. was a Papist, or the Doctor a profound Hypocrite; for the Secrets of Hearts are not the Subject of History, otherwise than as they appear by Actions to the World.

How well the Doctor rests with the Dead, whom he has thus vilely disturbed, I will not venture to say, but the Living have an equal Quarrel in this Case, for no Man likes that History, so closely pressing upon the Present Age, should be all Masquerade, that none can know, with all their illustrious Blood, their Fathers or nearest Relations.

I have been as concise, in doing him and them Justice, as I could, and leave the Determination to the Candid Reader's Judgment, and bid him,

Heartily Farewel.



REFLECTIONS UPON

Dr. *BURNET*'s Posthumous HISTORY.



OUR Reverend and Learned Divine, with whom I am now treating, sends out his Posthumous Writings like *Martin Luther's* Bastards, too late for a just and honest Wedlock, and too soon for * *Kate Bore's*, and his own Honour.

'Tis true his History is furnish'd with a great many Materials to make an Atheist, a Rebel, an Hypocrite, or whatever you please that is bad. You may see all the Infirmities of an ambitious and proud Nature in himself;

* His Wife taken from a Nunnery, and brought to-bed two Months after he married her.

and all the Turns of Fortune that depress the Mighty from their Seats, in the Family of the *Stuarts*; and the Insolence of Beggars in the Advancement of others in their Places.

Our Doctor, tho' by his own Confession caress'd by the *Stuarts*; falls out with them at last for hanging some Rogues of his own Kindred; and to enter deep into the Quarrel, he dates his Malice from the Grandfather, and in him he fixes his Spear of Defiance.

He blames that Monarch for his undutiful Behaviour, in adhering to his Mother's Memory, and Tenderness for her Sufferings; he supposes all Atheists in her Interest, and that the Son was an Hypocrite and a Papist in his Heart, tho' he fed the Episcopal Clergy in *Scotland*, by his own Confession, with a more bountiful Hand than any have done since; and to this very Day they'd live with more Ease and Plenty than half our Curates in *England* can pretend to, if they were restor'd to what he gave them.*

But Episcopacy in *Scotland* was a great Eye-fore to the Doctor, who lov'd it in *England* much better; he therefore represents their Bishops in his own Colours, just as he was at *Salisbury*. *They were haughty*. His posthumous Works declare his own Vanity; he would not wait, as he says himself, upon the King of *France*, because the *English* Am-

* See p. 6, 7, 8, 9.

bassador was asham'd to introduce him. *They follow'd the Court.* Yet the Doctor, by his own Confession, was continually at King *Charles's* and King *James's* Sleeve; he convers'd with all manner of Statesmen, and was a most forward and active Counsellor to the Prince of *Orange*.

But what Loss had we of Prince *Henry*? he was a zealous Protestant, and King *James I.* was so frightned with the Gun-powder Plot, that he durst not deny the Jesuits the poisoning an eldest Son. I think if their Power was so great, they were very modest to ask but for one of the Family. There is an unaccountable Magick in Gun-powder, that can work in such a manner even before it is set fire to. Strong were thy Fears, O Monarch! The only way to prevent Danger was never to lodge over a Cellar.*

But still, afraid as he was of the Papists, he made a running Fight; he issu'd out his Proclamations against 'em immediately after the Plot with all imaginable Spite, and as suddenly let all drop, when Sir *Dudley Carlton* told him it was dangerous hunting in the Woods; for the Priests were like wild Boars, and would turn upon him with their Tusks if he did not leave off the Chase. Ever after

* See p. 11.

he continued writing and talking against Popery, and acting for it.*

By this time he has dress'd up this Monarch according to his own Fancy, and made the poorest Creature of him that ever was.

But to let the Reader into the Secret. King *James I.* is made a Papist to make it probable the Son was so too, and consequently the Civil War was a religious one against Popery; if the People could once be persuaded into this, *Charles I.* would have fell as unpitied by Bigots as his Enemies could wish.

But that King *James*, bred under *Buchanan*, and a Man of Learning, who so laboriously proved the Pope Antichrist, and married his Daughter to a Calvinist for want of better Choice; one who, by the Doctor's own Confession, imprecates the Judgments of God upon any of his Posterity who should turn Papists; that he should be one himself, is to me as ridiculous, as that Pope *Odescchalchi* was a Protestant. It is very much he should breed none of his Children that way except King *Charles I.* and that he should be so fly a Papist, that no one could get a Confession thereof ever from his own Mouth, even at the Block; such a Set of occult Papists as these are difficult to find, and are equally unprofitable when they are found to that *Religion*;

* See p. 12.

for they write against it with all their Fury; they act against it with all their Power; and yet are damnable Papists in their Hearts.

But alas! this Fetch to make a Popish Quarrel of an enthusiastick and rebellious Rage against the politest Race of Princes that ever fill'd a Throne since *David* and *Saloman*; is now grown stale and contemptible.

The Doctor says it was an inglorious Reign; because we had not learn'd the politick way of fighting foreign Quarrels for Glory; tho' in my Opinion, if a Prince can say with *Augustus*, *Lateritiam inveni, marmoream reliqui*, it is far more glorious than to waste and break a Nation with unprofitable Wars. For the peaceful Part of his Reign, when the Muses rejoiced in his Palaces, was to be celebrated more than the rough Transactions of *Julius Caesar* in the Bowels of his own Country.

But the Doctor's Notion of Glory appears in one remarkable Instance. It was inglorious he says (a) in King *James* to restore the cautionary Towns back to the *Dutch*; yet he scruples not to acquaint the World with a very formal Circumstance, that these Towns were delivered as cautionary ones for Money lent; that the Money was faithfully paid; and therefore in all Justice the Pledge surely ought to be as faithfully restor'd.

If King *James* had kept those Towns, our Doctor would have play'd upon him with all the invidious Terms he gives the *French* King; how perfidious it would have been to detain the Pledge from the Fatherless and the Widow, and much more from a disconsolate State just erecting her Head from Ruin and Slavery.

One Slip I can never forgive the Doctor. For as Poison with him always makes the way for Popery, and Prince *Henry* was dispatch'd to make way for King *Charles*, and King *James* I. was certainly poison'd to make the way more open (b) still: I say it is to me very suspicious, that as King *James* was such a secret Papist in his Heart, he poisoned himself to make way for the Popish Religion. Here would have been a glorious Field for the Dr. to range in, to expatiate upon the obstinate Humour of that Family, to sacrifice Children, their own Lives, Crowns, and every thing dear, to promote the Popish Religion.

Thus the Doctor leaves King *James*, and brings the Reader to his own Family; and acquaints us his Grandmother was a zealous *Puritan*, and his Father marrying, the eldest Grand-child saw into all the Methods of the *Puritans*; by this the Doctor has let us into the Secret, that our Grandfathers being for

(b) p. 12.

the most part *Oliverian* Rebels, the present Age hates Rebellion, because Grand-Children have a very good Opportunity to see into the Practices of their Grandfathers; I hope our Grand-Children will so well know the present Age, as not to want the Doctor's History to instruct 'em.

But however well vers'd the Doctor is in the Genealogy of his own Family, a great many of whom, by his own Confession, came to the Halter, or to the Merit thereof; he stumbles upon the *Stuarts* Family at the Threshold. He says *Earl Gowry* was next to *King James* in his Claim to the Crown, and therefore had an Interest in getting him dispatch'd; his Claim was from the last Venter of *Margaret*, Daughter to *King Henry VIIIth of England*; yet the Doctor has forgot that there was a numerous second Venter then increasing in *Margaret Douglas* and her Issue, who had eight Children; and the Lady *Arabella Stuart*, her Daughter, liv'd even to the Year 1616. I mark this as a great Falshood of the Doctor's in History. (a)

But to give a further Specimen of this Doctor's Honour and Integrity: The *Earl of Gowry's* Claim, as descended from *Margaret*, was fictitious; and this appears from a *Scottish* Peer of undoubted Honour and Re-

(a) See p. 18.

putation, the Earl of *Cromarty*, who expressly denies the third Venter, and says, Queen *Margaret* had no Children by the third Husband. That it was a Lie from top to bottom, and piously propagated since the Revolution.

Yet the Doctor carries on this imaginary Posterity to Sir *Anthony Vandike*, the famous Dutch Painter, whose Colours were finer laid on than our Historian's; he never painted so grossly as the Dr. lyes. Concerning this, see the Earl of *Cromarty's* History of the Gowry's Conspiracy, p. 10, 11, 12. Neither is it true that the Queen married one *Francis Steward*, whose Son was Lord *Metheun* when she married *Henry Lord Metheun*; and it is equally false, that in a Patent of King *James V.* the pretended Brother was called *Frater noster uterinus*: for there was no such Person in the World.

Let us come next to the Reign of King *Charles I.* He began with Puritanism; and carried Dr. *Preston* in the Coach with him from *Theobalds* to *London*: from thence we may hope the *Spanish* Journey left no Tincture of Popery in that Prince. Yet how often has it been insinuated that he came from *Spain* a Papist, and that King *James* sent him thither with a Design to make him one? It is indeed very surprising to me, and beyond the Power of my Imagination to account for, that King *James* with all his secret Zeal for Popery should breed his Children in the opposite Way.

It is more surprising to me, that any Man of Sense and Learning, without the Prejudices of Education, or the Motives of Interest, can be a Papist; and that King *Charles* in his mature Years, ripe in Judgment, could turn from a Puritan to a Papist, is to me a Chimera.

Doctor *Preston's* riding in his Coach is to me no Proof of Puritanism, but of good Manners and Respect to Clergymen; the Spirit of Puritanism then was only beginning to ferment; the Poison, the Gall of Bitterness, and the Bond of Iniquity, were not discover'd; however, I should make a wrong Conclusion to call the King of *France* a Puritan, when he sent his own Coach to wait upon Dr. *Burnet* at *Paris*, as in his History he informs us.

To return. He proceeds in this Account of King *Charles* to snatch at every little Opportunity to slur his Memory: I know this is done with a political Intent, to make Peoples Minds more easy with the harsh Usage which fell to that Monarch's Share, that they might hereafter not enquire into his Blood, nor look upon the past Rebellion. In this Conduct we may see the difference between the Wounds of a Friend, and the spiteful Blows of an Enemy; the first opens 'em and pours in Balm, and the latter slashes without Mercy.

C

For

For Instance : King *Charles* went to *Scotland* to be crown'd; with what Intention could that be, but to see again his native Country, to comfort the Subjects thereof, that they might not look upon *Scotland* as a Province to *England*? Yet the Doctor tells us the Magnificence of the Show was a Grievance to the Country. I must beg his Pardon if I assert that the *Scots* suffered nothing by the Magnificence of that Coronation, for Magnificence and Pomp can never hurt a Kingdom, unless it is carried from the Spot to shine abroad; this is therefore only a spiteful, an unnatural and a peevish Flourish of the Doctor's to amuse the World, and prepare his Reader for a new Charge, as improbable as it is malicious.

For upon a Question being put to the Vote in the Parliament, the King was so exact as with his own Pen to mark every Man's Vote. The Question was carried, the Doctor says, by almost all the Body of Commons against the King; yet the Clerk of the Register affirmed one way, and the Lord *Rothes* another, and this began a Dispute. The King puts the Lord *Rothes* upon going to the Bar, to accuse the Clerk of falsifying the Record, and the Lord *Rothes* declines, because the Repulse would have been capital. This Story is very artfully made: Of what could the Lord *Rothes* be afraid? the Court

Court so unanimous on his side of the Question, would have been equally unanimous in clearing his Lordship in a Point so notorious; they could not in a quarter of an Hour forget their own Votes, neither would they suffer the Clerk to reckon ten for a fat Man, as was afterwards done, to the great Sorrow and Shame of the poor Doctor. The Clerk, I take for granted, must have stood by to see fair Play when himself was the Delinquent. This Story limps in the telling, and loudly calls for Grains of Allowance. (a)

I need not say how barbarous it is to sacrifice the Memory of the Dead upon any Account to Prejudice and Spleen. The Dead are silenc'd till the last Day, and it is as cowardly to wound them, as to stab a Man when another holds his Arms. But the Doctor indiscriminately lays about him, and too often his Party Zeal carries him to a Contradiction; he says Bishop *Forbes* was a learned and a pious Man, yet he liv'd and died with the Suspicion of being a Papist in his Heart. If he was a profound Hypocrite, he took Prayers and Sacraments for Convenience in one Church, and kept his Affections for another; and yet the worst that can

(a) *Vide* p. 22.

really be said of him was, his Moderation to Papists and his extensive Charity were his shining Virtues; for Moderation only to one is Partiality. But the Doctor would have the *Puritans* run away with all, and leave the Papists none. (b)

He proceeds to charge poor King *Charles* with thirsting after the Blood of the Lord *Balmerinock*; tho' it does not appear that he endeavour'd more than to get him into his Power, and make him humble. If the Laws of *Scotland* are severe against Liars, a Prince is not to blame to stop a little Defamation; but however our prudent Doctor took care to travel out of the Reach of those Laws. (c)

I observe the Doctor has a peculiar Spleen towards the *Scottish* Bishops; of *Spotswood* he obliquely speaks, as a prudent and a mild Man, of no great Decency in his Course of Life. How consistent it is for a Man to be openly vicious, and at the same time prudent in his Life, I need not say; but however he leaves the Reader to guess every thing that is bad; a very concise way of doing more in three Words than others do in so many Pages; this is destroying a Character in Short-hand. (d)

But the Doctor is very clever at cutting with two Edges.

(b) *Vide* p. 21. (c) p. 23. (d) p. 26.

He blames King *Charles* for not doing what in other Places would have been a total Subversion, a just Plea for Rebellion, and tyrannical in all Respects. He says the King ought to have reinforc'd his Schemes with a standing Army : This may indeed be a sly Reflection, as tho' his Proceedings only cou'd be justified that way ; he was going, says he, to recover to Bishops what was before torn away by Sacrilege : This was an inexpiable Crime ; he was going to alter the whole Constitution of that Church and Kingdom. This is a heavy Charge, but not so true as it is heavy, for then Episcopacy must have fell, and his most virulent Enemies will not lay that to his Charge. (a)

Well, I find we are all Devils on our side of the Question, from our Kings to our Bishops, and from thence to the inferior Clergy. But let us attend to his Saints.

Argyle, a Rebel first to his Father, and afterwards to his King, was a solemn sort of a Man, grave and sober, free from all scandalous Vices, of an invincible Calmness of Temper.

How solemn he might be in shedding innocent Blood, and how calm and undisturb'd at the Execution of *Montrose*, I need not say ; but he forgot his Solemnity always when

(a) *Vide* p. 28.

Montrose was near his Quarters with a Sword in his Hand; he could skip over Hedge and Ditch then, even faster than the rest of his Sober Fraternity. (a)

But when we come to *Montrose's* Character, whose very Shadow would make ten thousand *Presbyterians* tremble, *he took upon him the Part of a Hero too much, yet indeed could do nothing.* I refer the Doctor, or his Ghost, to *Wishart's* Life of *Montrose*. *Cæsar* heap'd not more Victories in the time, nor so great as he did; *Cæsar* shew'd not more Clemency to the Conquer'd than he; and *Cæsar* fell not half so pitied to the Ground. (b).

After these a poor Lady comes in for a Share; his relentless Pen spares neither the Good, the Pious, nor the Fair. King *Charles's* Queen is brought in as sacrificing the Lord *Strafford*, to cover her own Plots; and the Court Party strike in even against a Reprieve for that unfortunate Earl, tho' desir'd by the King; this was told the Doctor by the Lord *Hollis*, if we may believe him.

Here not only the Queen but the Lord *Strafford* are blasted at once, as Confederates in some deep and wicked Designs; and the Queen proves so wicked as to hurry him out of the World, and the Courtiers

(a) *Vide* p. 28.

(b) p. 30. *Wishart* (c)

such Tools as to vote on her side, and the King such a Fool as not to find out that his Friend and himself were betray'd.

The Lye, like a Soap Bubble, hovers in the Air with its own Levity, and the Probability is still to seek; for what Designs could that Lord have of a dishonourable nature, that he was not prompted by too many Motives to discover on the Scaffold, where he had time to speak, and no reason to spare? (a)

How cruel is the Doctor to the Memory of his Enemies, yet how Dove-like, how tender to his Friends? He laments the sad Defection of Piety in even the Saints by the Civil Wars; at length their Graces before Meat lost three Parts of an Hour in four; and I fear when they had an innocent Man to destroy, they said no Grace at all.

Indeed the Doctor worthily lashes *Montrose*; that when *Hamilton* had formed an Army of Saints to march into *England*, to fight the Lord's Battles first, as they were called, and the King's afterwards; *Montrose* with his unsanctified Highlanders was conquering from *Dan* to *Beersheba*, and afflicting the pious Heritage with his carnal and ungodly Force. This put a Necessity upon the Saints to sell their King for Money; for if they could not keep him their own, the most frugal Bargain was the best. (b)

(a) *Vide* p. 32.

(b) p. 36.

Well,

Well, King *Charles* was a Man of Blood, only he could never come at any, till my Lord *Strafford's* was tapp'd by a pious Act of Attainder. The Lord *Balmerinock* in *Scotland* was sav'd thro' Fear of the Mob, and the two *Hamiltons* were design'd for Execution, but one taking to his Heels, the other was spar'd, because the Execution could not be decent. But if the Lord *Abercorn* watch'd, as the Doctor says, for the Dukedom, and for their Estates, he was disappointed, for I believe then the youngest might carry the latter very well upon his Back. (a)

I shall now turn to be a little serious upon one Animadversion of the Doctor; he had it from the Earl of *Lauderdale*, that *Montrose's* Success ruined the King's Affairs, and prevented a Treaty and a Presbyterian Restoration.

What an happy thing a Presbyterian Restoration would have been, is a serious Enquiry. The King was to disarm in the first place, and give his Sword to the conquering Foe.

2dly, He was to violate his Conscience, in destroying a Government he look'd upon to be of divine Right, a Worship in which only he hop'd to be sav'd. He was not to see

(a) *Vide* p. 37.

one ancient Friend more, but to take up with the new fanatical Cut, their saucy Prayers, scurrilous Cant, and every thing his Soul hated.

This Establishment was to be for three Years, but if the People lik'd it the Continuance was to be perpetual; yet the Sword was to be in the Hands of those who were Friends to this Worship, and the Sword would have been consequently the Umpire of the Peoples Inclinations and Pleasure.

All this done by the Authority of the King, would have been an irretrievable Change of our Constitution; he fell therefore with Glory to himself, and Shame to his Enemies; a King before he was made a Slave.

But I find his Death not displeasing to the Doctor, for tho' he confesses *Ireton* was the chief Promoter of his Death, he was another *Cassius*. This is an odd Turn of Thought, for then, to keep the Parallel up, King *Charles* must be a *Julius Cæsar*, an Usurper upon his Country. *Horresco referens*. Poor dear King, I will embalm thy Memory with as many Tears as my Eyes can shed.

Yet how does the Doctor use him when he is carrying the Reader to the last Moments of his Life? He grants he died with Calmness and Composedness, but it was not natural to him; yet did ever any Man see him tremble in a Battle, or withdraw from

D

Action

Action before a just and honourable Occasion? Did ever any see his Transports of Passion under all the Miseries of a Prison, and the Contempt of vile Men? Where then was this Ruffle in his Mind? this Discomposedness? that should make Bishop *Burnet* suspect a calm and decent Exit? O Monster! tear not away his Virtues if you tear away his Life, and cast his Crown to the Ground.
(a).

But to return to our Secret-finder. He makes the Queen of *France* an Whore to the Duke of *Buckingham*, and that Duke an Enemy to *France*, because he was not suffered to continue his Plantation upon the King of *France's* Head any longer. Here was the Rise to the Attack upon the Isle of *Rhee*, and the Protestant Cause was brought in to support a Cuckold-making Duke in his brutal Passion of Revenge. If King *Charles* withdrew from such a dirty Quarrel, he was in the right. (b)

The next who falls a Sacrifice is a Prelate, viz. Archbishop *Laud*, of whose Memory all good Men will speak well, a Happiness the Doctor does not seem to aim at.

If in the greatest Men we find the Infirmities of human Nature, we ought at the same time to find their superior Virtues, and do 'em Justice to the World.

(a) See p. 47

(b) p. 48

If he was passionate and fiery, and ever severe to the Nonconformists, the Doctor has no more Rope to run than I give him now. Yet

The great Man was shew'd in an uniform and steady Pursuit from the beginning of his Life in one End and Scope: he did not fly backwards and forwards between Episcopacy and Presbytery; he did not Court an Episcopal Minister of State one Day, a Presbyterian a second, the King a third, and an Assassinator to murder that King the fourth.

His Piety shined in his extensive Generosity to the Poor; the Magnificence of Temples and Colleges, and the beautiful Scheme for Uniformity in the House of God.

His Learning and Reason in his Book against *Fisher* are display'd in so strong a manner, that he needs neither *Heylin* or *Wharton* to perpetuate his Memory; his Works speak him, and will while the poor Remains of Sense keep a Station in this Kingdom. But if you would speak well of him after the *Burnettian* Way; tell what King he has betray'd; what Patron he has ingratefully us'd; but even Malice can't heap Crimes of so black a Nature upon him. (a)

(a) See p. 50.

The Doctor has another Attack to lessen the Memory of King *Charles*. The *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*, as it contains the Breathings of his Soul, and the inward Testimony of his Conscience, covers him so close from Malice, the Doctor if he can't take it away, he will at least shake it.

He owns that *Gauden's* other Works, in their Stile, and every Respect, are far inferior to this Performance; and yet we may form a Judgment by a Stile as well as by an Hand-writing.

The rest of King *Charles's* Works I am as confident are writ by the same Hand, as I am that one Man's Voice is his own, and different from any other besides.

Nor can they find one Person in that Age a Master of *English* Stile except *Charles I.* and Doctor *Hewit*, to whom this Work was never pretendedly ascrib'd.

Major *Huntingdon*, his Goaler, and one who used the King always well; has declared to several Persons that he has seen the King write several Parts with his own Hand.

For the other Proofs I refer the Reader to *Wagstaff*, who finished this Controversy; but Impertinence, if knock'd down never so often, will rise against Modesty and common Sense.

The extream Respect the Doctor shews for the Memory of *Oliver*; the Raptures he speaks with of the Sobriety and Piety of his Army, who

who were most Independents and Anabaptists, proceeds from a Friendship of long standing and deeply rooted for 'em. They were gifted Men, and he says preached as they were moved; but he does not tell us whether by God or the Devil. They were modest, and only once drew their Swords in the Kirk; the Doctor was present at the Fray, Episcopal as he was, and devoutly prayed with the Presbyterians, and was equally prepared for the Anabaptists, by his being there, and prejudic'd in behalf of their sober Aspects. (a)

As for *Oliver's* Government, the Highlanders never enjoy'd such a Scene of Prosperity as under him: The Discipline of his Army was so exact, that none had reason to complain; that is, I suppose he means the Godly. As for the Sufferings of the Wicked, no Man of the Spirit feels 'em. And the same Share of Prosperity *England* enjoy'd, when the Saints possessed what they never toil'd for, and eat the Fruit they never planted; when a proportionable Share of Largeness and Zeal could entitle a Beggar in Fortune and Birth to an Estate he never work'd for. (b)

However, as to the Discipline of the *Cromwellian* Army, I refer 'em to the *Mer-*

(a) See p. 58.

(b) p. 61.

curius Rusticus, and to *Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy*.

Well, the *Scots* under this Discipline felt all the Comforts of Knowledge and Religion; they preach'd and pray'd ten Hours together before they received the Sacrament, and many would go 40 or 50 Miles, when they might as effectually receive it at home; and the People were so improv'd, that they were perpetually talking of divine Things. Thus far the Doctor puts the fairest Gloss upon the Cant of that Age, tho' in other Places he runs it down as low as he had raised it high before. For all this fine Preaching before the Sacraments was only an Heap of Predestination, stuff'd with Invectives and Lies. The travelling 40 Miles to receive that Sacrament is a Custom still retained in *Scotland*, and is a Concourse of Mob, who attend upon what they call *the Occasion*, with all the Appearances of a Fair; that a Stranger accidentally falling upon the Place, would look out for Booths and Puppet-Shows, Bears and Fiddles, rather than a Sacrament.

And when this Sacrament was received, it was the Cement of Malice, and an unrighteous Covenant against their God, their King, and the true Religion.

The divine Things they talk'd of were upon the Subject of God's great Goodness in damning all the World but themselves; or
uttering

uttering some blasphemous Heresy. The Benefit of this Knowledge, and this talking of divine Matters, we were not Strangers to in *England*, if the Reader will but give himself the Trouble of consulting *Edwards's Gangrene*; and it ought to be of some Weight even with the Doctor's Friends, as the Author was a Presbyterian.

It is evident in this, and in numerous Instances, he magnifies every thing on one side of the Question: As for Truth, Care, and Elaborateness, he is above them, or why should he say only one Spy of *Oliver's* was discovered? But whether he means Sir *Richard Willis* or *Manning*, is best known to himself; the latter was not only discovered, but shot in the Duke of *Newburgh's* Territories, which so much offended *Ludlow*, that he question'd by what Right it was done; tho' in my Opinion a Spy is an unfair Creature; and a *fera Naturæ*, and not protected by the Law of Nations.

The *Doctor* having clear'd up *Oliver Cromwell's* Memory, applauded his Councils and his Arms, proceeds to fall upon the *Stuarts*. He tells you the exactest Time when King *Charles II.* chang'd his Religion. But from whom has the Doctor this Secret? The Cardinal *de Retz* said something like it to the Marquis *de Roucy*, that to his Knowledge both the Princes were turn'd
Papists;

Papists; yet the Doctor says immediately after, the Duke's Conversion came not on so fast; my Lord *Aubigny* he says had a great hand in it, yet he offers no Proof to confirm this rash Assertion, and my Lord *Clarendon* he says never believ'd it.

But, says he, Sir *Allen Broderick* sent me likewise an Account of the Matter; yet Sir *Allen* knew not whether it was at *Fontainebleau* or not; and as to the Time he is equally uncertain, yet the Doctor puts it down as granted that he turn'd Papist immediately upon his leaving *France*. (a)

If you depend upon Dr. *Burnet's* Veracity, his Father was a Royalist, and yet had the Offer from *Oliver Cromwell* to be a Judge; a Lie certainly hangs to one Side of the Question, but to shake it is very difficult, because for Accidents so remote we are often at a loss; yet the Doctor, by a Fate common to Liars, helps us at a dead Lift, by a charitable Contradiction or two of his own; for this great Loyalist his Father was very intimate with *Overton*, who was as rank a Fanatick as that Age produc'd, and so intimate, says he, that *Cromwell* sent *Howard*, afterwards Earl of *Carlisle*, to enquire into these Plots; yet when *Howard* heard *Burnet's* Father's Character, he made no Enquiry, but said,

(a) See p. 74.

"*Cromwell* was always uneasy when a good "Man was question'd". So that the Father was by his Character freed from any Suspicion on the side of *Oliver Cromwell*; and yet he was a Royalist, and known to be so by *Oliver* himself (a). I would not here reflect upon his Father's Character, for I find by all Accounts the Doctor took the least Share of his Blood from him, and he was too good to be one of *Oliver's* Judges.

But his Father was not the only good Judge *Oliver* would have made; he filled the Benches with Judges of the best Character, such were those who sat at *Lilburn's* Trial (b); Men who had neither Law, nor a decent Assurance to out-face the Law; when *Lilburn* call'd them Rogues (as they were) they look'd pale; so that they were insufficient for any Turn, for a just one too ignorant, or a bad one too cowardly and base. (c)

But *Oliver's* Generals were not half so good as his Judges, one particularly lies so in the Doctor's Stomach he can't forgive him, and that was General *Monk*; he never brushes upon his Name but he brushes upon his Character too; sometimes he makes him half loyal, again in his Heart a Commonwealth's Man, and sometimes so ambitious as to aspire to be King himself. For a compleat Vindication of that ever memorable Man, I refer the Reader to Dr. *Skinner's*

(a) p. 80.

(b) See *Lilburn's Trial*.

(c) p. 82.

Life, lately publish'd, after a long Suspension from the publick Light, and in my Opinion it silences all his Adversaries can say on those Heads.

As for King *Charles II.* going to Mass while the *Pyrenean* Treaty was on foot; this Story is brought in with the Doctor's usual Carelessness and Air of Pride, but he is here so modest as to quote no Author for it; if it is true, it is highly improbable, because the Relater has ten to one against him.

The Doctor has the least reason of any Man living to reproach King *Charles* for want of Strictness of Communion, when we find the Doctor himself by his own Accounts preaching at *Geneva*, and canting presently after with the Cardinals at *Rome*.

But so remarkable a Step in King *Charles* at that time of day would have called for a publick Animadversion; the fictitious Brand of Popery did great Service to that Infant State; but a real and open Profession of Popery would have been worth a Plate Fleet to the Regicides; yet this Secret came drawling out at last, when every one is dead that could dispute it. (a)

But to return to General *Monk*. The Dr. falls upon him very unmercifully for his compleat and genteel Restoration of the King; that is, the prudent General foresaw it would be very hard, that after every Rebellion the

(a) *Vide* p. 84.

Crown must lose more Prerogative; if every Tempest that shakes a Tree must tear away a Limb, the defenceless Trunk will be a sad Spectacle of past Misfortunes; surely, setting the Kingdom in the State it was in before the Rebellion, was a most just and equitable way.

The wise Men of *Gotham* who hedg'd in the Cuckow were just such Politicians as these, who would restrain Princes against their Wills, for the Supreme Power will mount over those low Devices.

It is therefore dangerous to clip their Wings too close; and as for our own Parts, whatever are the Schemes of fantastical Men, our Constitution in both Church and State was then in a natural Situation: for as the Sea and the Land are a mutual Check to each other, so ought the Balance of Power exactly to be in all States and Governments, and *Monk* was so wise as to know where the Scale kick'd up, and toss'd all just Power with it by a superior Weight of Violence on the other side.

There started up in this Age an Ecclesiastick, if we believe the Doctor, in every respect the exact Parallel with General *Monk*; that was Mr. *Sharp*, he protested himself a zealous Presbyterian, till he had treated with all Parties to re-establish Episcopacy in *Scotland*, and this the Doctor resents as so vile a Piece of Treachery as made him hated; the Doctor not reflecting that this Character is

his own to the Life as to the double Dealing, tho' superior to him in this respect, as the Scope, End and Design was just, honourable and glorious. (a)

But our Doctor is so far from this, after he has gull'd Mankind with his Hypocrisy, he beats down their Characters, as tho' they were only Scaffolds for him to rise with.

His Character of King *Charles* is full of Contradictions, he says he had no Sense of Religion, and at the Prayers and Sacraments endeavour'd only to satisfy the People he was not concern'd in the Story.

If he was a Papist in his Heart, and secretly reconcil'd to that Religion, his turning up his Eyes and devout Posture at our Sacraments would have only set him off to us as a profound Hypocrite. But if he was not even a Christian, how could he be a Papist? How could he be for implicit Faith, an infallible Judge, and the Direction of the Spirit of God in Articles of Religion? These are Topics inconsistent with Deism, they are the Result of the highest Veneration for Religion, however wrong they are applied to Popery.

I am told from those, who had it from others, who were well inform'd, that he behav'd himself in the Church decently,

(a) See p. 92.

was very attentive to Sermons, and often charm'd with the Eloquence of the Pulpit. His Divines he was sometimes deceiv'd in, and particularly in the Doctor himself; but his Scope was to pick out the best, and he had a great many, the Ornaments of his Reign.

I wish the Doctor's own Sincerity was duly weigh'd; in *Scotland, England, Geneva, Rome, and Holland*, he could sincerely act with the Presbyterians, and be thoroughly Episcopal, as he says; he could preach at *Geneva* with Applause, and insinuate so far with the Cardinals at *Rome* as to make 'em talk with him the Secrets of their Souls.

He was very sincere in King *Charles's* and King *James's* Closets, when he hated even the Restoration of the first, and came into all Measures to end the Reign of the last. That he hated the Restoration, is plain from his peculiar Pique against *Monk*.

He tells us *Monk* was avaritious, and sold all that came in his way, and King *Charles* saw so far into him as to despise him.

When I consider the Doctor is speaking against the Man who gave up three great and mighty Kingdoms to the just Pretensions of their lawful Sovereign; that he twice refus'd 100000 *l. per Annum* for the Wages of his Loyalty, and let in King *Charles* without a Stipulation for one Penny for his Reward; I say these are strong Pleas for his Character, as they are Instances of the most exalted Generosity,

nerosity, and therefore I will look upon the General above these Reflections, tho' his Humour did not suit with the Doctor's Taste, nor his Lady with his lascivious Eye.

If King *Charles* despis'd General *Monk*, or if I could be persuaded the Doctor speaks Truth, I could as heartily despise even the King for his Folly; a King that cannot find the Value of so much Merit, may fight his own Battles, and restore himself, for any Pretensions he can have to Loyalty or hot Service.

He next proceeds (a) to represent all the Episcopalians in *Scotland* as a Set of Drunkards; 'tis true many are the ill Consequences of hot Intemperance, and many likewise are the ill Consequences of cool Malice. I have been in *Scotland* myself, and have seen the Extensiveness of Presbyterian Charity, with whom even Mirth is criminal; and if the Doctor was himself one of those who drank only Tea and Vinegar, his Life has not passed without Censure for Crimes of a worse Nature than Drinking. He had better have been a Sot all his Life in a Tavern, than to have blasted the Reputation of one Man of better Character than himself. I have known a thousand Wickednesses ripen in the Shade of Sobriety, and low-spirited

(a) See p. 113.

Vices creep in upon Men who value themselves for one negative Virtue, not drinking; they swallow whole Draughts of Revenge, they thirst for innocent Blood; they are intemperate with Fury, and drunk with Enthusiasm; all this is a State of Drunkenness, that has no Interval of Sobriety or of Repentance, the Sense never returns, and the Saint is all for cool Wickedness and Barbarity.

An Instance of one of your sober Heroes was the Earl of *Argyle*.

He forgot his Duty to his Father, Gratitude to his King, yet he would not drink.

He was such a Coward as always to run before *Montrose*, yet he would never drink.

He car'd not with what Barbarity he us'd the Prisoners that fell into his Hands, yet he would never drink.

Tho' *Montrose* scorn'd to use Reprisals, he procur'd *Montrose* to be murder'd, even hang'd upon a Gibbet in cool Blood, yet *Argyle* would never drink.

When he made his Defence he could tell the most evident Lies, yet he would never drink.

He dy'd without Repentance, tho' in his Life-time he would never drink.

This sober Hero is represented by the Dr. as departing this World as a primitive Saint expiring for Christianity. He dy'd a Martyr to the Covenant; and a Stranger to those
Times

Times would think this Covenant was no less than the Seal betwixt Christ and his Church, yet it was no more than a young Engagement of Enthusiasts to live and die by their own Humours, a certain Sign they were ill whipp'd at School. The Defence of the King's Person was indeed Part of the Engagement, but that Article was like an Eclipse upon the Covenant, as He went off, the Covenant remain'd bright and clear, and settled in a splendid Usurpation. Upon the whole, if Sobriety has done these Things, it has really advanc'd the Credit of Liquor so far, that the present Age have quite cast off that sober Turn, and Religion is scandaliz'd by an opposite Extream, *the Hell-fire Club*, where the same wicked Principles proceed in a more open and candid manner.

To return. Our sober Hero at his Trial was most barbarously us'd by General *Monk*, who sent to the Parliament his own Letters, containing a Complication of most invenom'd Malice against the Cause of his Country and of his King.

I might put some casuistical Questions, how far a Man is oblig'd in Conscience? and how far according to the prevailing Notions of Honour to keep Secrets of that nature? I know there is a Chasm betwixt the two Questions that can never be fill'd up, yet I conclude no Man is Master of the Secrets of his Country as to deny 'em if they come fairly,

fairly into his Power, without Artifice, Lifting, Breach of Faith, or Stratagem. Your industrious Informers are the damnable Tools of guilty Politicians. But this was not *Monk's* Case, who fairly laid before the Parliament what fairly came to his Hand; and his Allegiance, in my Opinion, ought to be the Test of his Honour.

But as the Doctor makes so free with other Peoples Honour, let us take a short View of his own.

When the Bishops return'd to *Scotland*, tho' he was thoroughly Episcopal, he was griev'd at the Pomp of the publick Entry. Let him compare this with his own publick Entry into *Exeter*.

But how entirely Episcopal the Bishop was, appears immediately after in the 143d and 144th Pages. He murmurs in the first place very much at the Establishment of Episcopacy in *Scotland*, that the Government and the Jurisdiction was entirely lodg'd in the Bishops, with the Assistance of such of their own Clergy who were of known Loyalty and Prudence. Thus far he has overthrown the *Cyprianick* Bishops entirely.

2dly, He declares what he would have the Bishops in *Scotland* be, *i. e.* only Presidents with a negative Voice; this is clipping their Wings, extinguishing the Distinction of Order, and making them only Moderators of the Assembly.

3dly, The owning the Bishops with this Power, was imposing upon the Conscience.

4thly, He says the Bishops in *Scotland* were never before look'd upon as having more than the Precedency, and some Share in Ordination. Thus he has destroy'd the Characteristick Power of Ordination in Bishops, and given them only a Share with Presbyters.

Our throughly Episcopal Man's Modesty was so great upon this Occasion, that our Doctor, a Boy of 19, would not when desir'd, accept a Vacancy under this Episcopacy, yet he was thoroughly Episcopal at the same time, only he wanted Presbyterian Bishops.

As to the Truth of his being caref'd by the *Scottish* Ministry at 19, we have only his own Word for it; whereas Dr. *Cockburn* in a late Pamphlet informs us, he took indeed his Master of Arts Degree at 17, and by 20 return'd from his Travels into *England*, *France*, and *Holland*, and after that took out his License to be a Preacher; it is not therefore probable the Earl of *Glencarn* at the Age of 19 could fix upon him to fill a Church Vacancy.

Well, to return to his Principles. He tells us the State of the Church of *Scotland* was such before Episcopacy crept in, that the meanest Mechanick could preach and pray *extempore*. It would surprize you to hear the Copiousness of these People, for tho' they

they preach'd Nonsense they were still copious, and that is enough for him. But, with the Doctor's Pardon, we were at that time as copious in *England*, yet the Nation was far from repenting at the Return of their Bishops again, and never sigh'd at the Loss of *extempore* Prayer; for while these divine Matters were in the Peoples Heads, the Devil was in their Hearts, and the Saints with their Knowledge would do things the Wicked were afraid of. If the People in *Scotland* or in *England* had been instructed in the common Duties of Morality, neither Kingdom would have been afflicted with Wars and Works of Horror.

However the Doctor magnifies this divine Knowledge, and represents the Episcopalians as a Set of scandalous Wretches, who in their Cups were hot, and in all their religious Acts cold, so thus thro' the whole Work he turns all the Dispute upon the Sobriety of the Rebels, and particularly (a) upon the Sobriety of *Cromwell's* Army; yet by all the Accounts we can learn of the Sufferings and Miseries of those Times, the *Assyrians*, *Babylonians*, or *Egyptians*, the *Goths*, *Vandals*, and *Heruli*, the Great *Turk*, and the *Tartars*, never brought more Terror with them than this sober Army of Sheep-biters;

(a) *Vide* Pa 161.

so have I seen a Dog skulk and look with the same sober and puritanical Face upon the Sheep in his Master's Presence, yet steal away in the Night and commit all his Works of Horror upon their poor Carcases.

When the sober Regicides come to suffer, the Doctor dwells upon their Cant, their Enthusiasm, and the solemn Grace with which they departed this World. Poor Sir *Harry Vane*, who waded thro' their Depths of Blood, and shed my Lord *Strafford's* in the Singleness of his Heart, and his Zeal for the Lord of Hosts, when he came to the Scaffold was not permitted by the Government to speak; this was such a Piece of Tyranny as set all Peoples Hearts against King *Charles*; for to shed the Blood of such Saints was unpardonable, who march'd intrepidly into another World the same Enthusiasts they had liv'd in this.

Whether the Doctor brings Adultery and Fornication under the Notion of Sobriety, I cannot even conjecture, except from some old Stories I have heard of the Doctor's from those who have been well inform'd. But to shew the Doctor's Partiality in Characters, in that of the Duke of *York* he never gives him the Character of a sober Man, tho' he was distinguish'd very much for that. (a)

But as the Doctor is of no Credit to those he speaks well of, I shall point the Duke's Character, and we shall find him ever superior,

rior, as to a governing Genius, to King *Charles* himself.

His Bravery wanted no Recommendations of *Turenne*; he had been often at Sea in the midst of Blood, Fire and Smoke, intent only upon filling all the Offices of a great Commander; and for this I appeal to the Duke of *Buckingham*, and to the great and experienc'd Seamen of that Age.

The Doctor owns he was sincere till his Principles wore all his good Qualities away; whereas alas! more probably his Sincerity wore out all his other good Qualities.

As the Doctor owns the Duke was a Man of Business, I shall add, that Frugality made him rich when a Duke, and Religion made him poor when he was a King, and few Princes ever amass'd so much Wealth before he came to the Crown, and so soon lost it after: The Zeal of his House eat him up, a Fault not very common to Princes; and if he had taken more Care of his Navy than of his Standing-Army, he might have treated upon the Vacancy of the Throne in another manner.

Let me enlarge a little farther upon what such a Prince might have done, if he had given Scope only to his own Genius for Business, and not have trod the untry'd Paths of

Novelty, and to have tamper'd with the Humours of a fickle and inconstant People.

His Brother left him the Balance of *Europe* in his Hands; his Word by an Envoy would have compos'd the greatest Storm that could rise in *Europe*, but he neglected to use that Power at a critical Moment, which soon after prov'd his Ruin.

His sedate and serious Application to Business made his Brother love him, because he took more than half the Burthen upon himself, and left the hereditary Monarch to Vices and Pleasures that never came with his Blood.

This great Duke had one Quality all our Kings were Strangers to since *Henry VII. viz. FRUGALITY*; I have heard his nearest Servants call it Covetousness, tho' in my Opinion that Vice in a Prince can never hurt a Kingdom, however ungracious it looks in his private Person. For his further Character I appeal to the Testimony of a Whigg, who wrote for his Exclusion in King *Charles II.* his Reign, in a Book call'd *Plato Redivivus*, who has these Words.

“ And for his only Brother (*viz. the Duke of York*) tho' accidentally he cannot be
 “ denied to be a great Motive of the Peoples
 “ Unquietness, all Men must acknowlege
 “ him to be a most glorious and honourable
 “ Prince, one who has expos'd his Life several times for the Safety and Glory of this
 “ Nation,

“ Nation, one who pays justly and punctu-
 “ ally his Debts, and manages his own For-
 “ tune discreetly, and yet keeps the best
 “ Court and Equipage of any Subject in
 “ Christendom, is courteous and affable to
 “ all; and in fine, has nothing in his whole
 “ Conduct to be excepted against, much less
 “ dreaded, excepting that he is believ’d to
 “ be of a Religion contrary to the Honour
 “ of God, and the Safety and Interest of this
 “ People, which gives them just Apprehen-
 “ sions of their forlorn Condition.” *Plato*
Redivivus, p. 19.

I look upon him before his Fall as a mighty
 Prince, that is, with the Affections of the
 better Part of the Nation, and a Church of
England Parliament on his side; he was just
 at that time arriv’d at the *Culmination* of
 Glory; but when he lost the Affections of
 the People, that Glory dwindled, and he fell
 by very contemptible Means, in respect to
 the Force against him; of so great moment
 it is for a Prince to Reign in the Hearts of
 his People.

But the Doctor when he *glavers* upon
 King *James*, does it with a very ill Grace;
 his Play is Horse-Play, and his Anger repre-
 sents the Unpoliteness of the *Bear-garden*;
 for the Duke of *Buckingham’s* pretended
 Character of the Duke, that he would see
 Things if he could, was more properly the
 Duke of *Buckingham’s* own, for he had the
 Fate common to Men of Wit and Pleasure,
 like

like a Squirrel he leap'd from Bough to Bough, and never settled his Thoughts till he expir'd in a very mean way.

The want of Capacity can with no Justice be charg'd upon King *James*, nor the want of Courage; but the Unfortunate must sustain the Injuries of the World, I mean of the baser sort; and this any Man may experimentally feel in low Life.

His changing his Religion when he was a grown Person, was the most inexcusable Weakness of his Life; but the Occasion of his Conversion has something in it very ridiculous.

The Doctor, who knows every thing, says, Dr. *Steward* prepar'd him for Popery, by instilling into him the Principles of the Church of *England*; the real spiritual Presence of Christ led him to Transubstantiation, and the Notion of Episcopacy to an infallible Judge the Pope; surely he was half willing to be converted before these Topicks were consider'd.

However near he was led to the Church of *Rome* by these Principles, he was pretty singular; I thank God the Church of *England* has lost no Ground by them, for your irrational and enthusiastick Schemes rather deter than bring People back from the Errors of that Church; and surely the Duke of *York* had a Head very wrong turn'd for
Argument,

Argument, if our Principles sent him to the Church of *Rome*.

If the Doctor had said the general Word *Protestant* was the Occasion, he had been more right; for when he saw so many Protestants of all sorts, exercise their Cruelties upon his Father, he might be frightned by the Word *Protestant* to a Word in its turn equally cruel.

I will give the Doctor his due Praise, that he never fails to give the Church of *England* a Wipe, she is always the Cause of all the Mischief the Fanaticks do.

He is discontented with the Act of Uniformity in King *Charles II.* his Reign, and with the Prayer for the Parliament, in which our King is stil'd most religious and gracious; (a) he said this was a Jest to all the World, who knew his Morals, and yet the Doctor pray'd in this manner himself.

He was less pleas'd with the high Stile of our Offices for the 30th of *January* and the 29th of *May*; and I really believe no Stile upon that Occasion could please him.

He falls with great freedom upon the *Bartholomew* Act, as cruel, to force Men from their Benefices, without a Proportion for their Subsistence; if it was cruel, the Doctor might have held his Tongue upon

that Subject, for some Reasons best known between him and myself.

For my own Part, I ever abhorr'd all Persecution for the sake of Conscience, tho' I can by no means think it Persecution to free the Church of *England* from a monstrous Coalition, to purge her from a Pseudo-Ministry, and to settle her Ordinations upon an Apostolical Foundation; moreover, the greatest Part of the Excluded had no very good Titles to their Preferments, they were *Intruders* upon the Rights of others, as evidently appears from the Accounts of those Times.

The Doctor, tho' a Pretender to impartial History, covers all the Faults of his own side, as I may truly call it; he passes in Oblivion the Sequestrations and Deprivations of the suffering Clergy. As for the fifth Part of the Benefice for their Subsistence, unless in great Livings, it was a wretched Pittance, and as miserably paid. The Doctor never felt any Calamities of that Time; and towards the Loyalists he has an Heart of Stone, but for his Republican Saints what Bowels of Compassion does he bear! They were sweet Babes of Christ, so sober, that they were a Pattern to the whole Kingdom. But at the Restoration, when Riches pour'd in upon the Incumbents, by the renewal of Leases, it was all spent, if you believe him, in Luxury and Laziness. The Clergy who
adher'd

adher'd close to the Interest of the Church, were a Set of the most despicable Creatures in the World, and all those immense Riches were cast away upon 'em. The Doctor is angry at the Restoration, they did not begin with Sacrilege, and turn those Fines to a more pious Use, of maintaining Mrs *Palmer*, and some other Ladies.

But to shew the World how grossly the Doctor abuses the Clergy, and runs down the Benefactions of that Age, I shall here set down their Beneficences as taken from the present State of *England*, Edit. 21. p. 3. ch. 1.

	<i>l.</i>
Dr. <i>Juxon</i> Archb. of <i>Cant.</i>	64000
Dr. <i>Gilbert Sheldon</i> ———	57000
Dr. <i>Bryan Duppa</i> ———	46000
Dr. <i>Frewen</i> ———	15000
Dr. <i>Cosins</i> ———	66000
Dr. <i>Warner</i> ——— ———	59600
	—————
Tot. —	307600

Deans and Chapters,

	<i>l.</i>
<i>Canterbury</i> ——— ———	16000
<i>Winchester</i> ——— ———	45800
<i>Durham</i> ——— ———	1500
<i>Ely</i> ——— ———	14000
<i>Exeter</i> ——— ———	26000

<i>Lincoln</i>	—	—	11000
<i>Rocheſter</i>	—	—	10000
<i>Worceſter</i>	—	—	19000
<i>Windoſor</i>	—	—	28500
<i>York</i>	—	—	8000
<i>Wells</i>	—	—	8000

Su. — 187800

Tot. — 495400

Seth Ward, the Doctor's Predeceſſor in *Salisbury*, gave for charitable Uſes 24000 Pounds.

The World in no Age can produce ſuch aſtoniſhing Munificence as this; with what reaſon then can the Doctor ſay they were lazy, idle, and covetous.

What a Character does he give of the *Latitudinarian* Divines! *More*, ſays he, was an open-hearted and ſincere Chriſtian Philoſopher; but thoſe who remember'd him aſſur'd me that he was a rigid *Oliverian*, and ſo fierce againſt the Reſtoration, that he curſ'd General *Monk* for bringing in the King, at a time when he had the Bleſſings of a whole Nation upon him for that Act of Piety.

Stillingfleet he cries up for the worſt Work he ever wrote; his *Irenicum*, a Book he was aſham'd of, and retracted afterwards, as it was levell'd againſt the Neceſſity of diſtinct Orders in the Church; this the Doctor
himſelf

himself confesses (a), and nevertheless applauds the Book.

Patrick comes next in the Doctor's Class, whom he forgets to tell us wrote *The Friendly Debate*, and was far from a *Latitudinarian* till after both King *Charles's* and K. *James's* Reigns; he was a Divine covetous to a degree of Scandal, and left about 40000 *l.* to a Son, who liv'd wretchedly, and dy'd miserably, and this Man with the rest is oppos'd to those great Men mention'd before; yet this fine Class were, by the Doctor's own Confession, *Trimmers*, and one, to his Honour, married *Oliver Cromwell's* Sister. I wish the Doctor had oblig'd us with the Benefactions of these sober Men.

The Doctor, after such Injuries done to so learned and venerable a Body, (b) cants for an Union with the Church of *England* and the Presbyterians; and a blessed Union it must be, where there's so little Charity. If all were like the Doctor, we should only unite with them, to be more effectually betray'd. However, we do not fight the Papists with our Numbers, we have a more prevailing Force, and a Pale of a Church to secure us from all Attacks; and that Pale was our Defence, when we had no Churches to preach in, and were reduced

(a) See p. 189.

(b) p. 195.

low in the common Opinion of the World. He endeavours to make us believe, King *Charles* stood in awe of the Duke of *York's* Poisons; that he was afraid of him, as Children are afraid of those under whose Correction they lye; yet he openly cherish'd this Rival, he kept him in the Kingdom as long as he cou'd, and restored him from Banishment as soon. How would the *Turk* laugh at such a Politician as King *Charles*? *Credat judæus Apella.*

Well, but the Doctor's Spite comes out: His Uncle *Warriston*, a Regicide, and Favourite of *Oliver Cromwel's*, was seiz'd at *Rouen*, as though he had been a Rogue, and afterwards rewarded with a Punishment equal to his Crimes (a). The Doctor, in Disgust for the Loss of so near and dear a Relation, prepar'd for his Travels into *Holland*, where he learn'd good Principles, and Notions of Liberty.

Upon his Return, being no more than Twenty-three Years of Age, and fully instructed in *Dutch* Principles, he came back to *Scotland*, and contriv'd a Libel against the Bishops of that Nation: He justify'd himself pretty well for a young Man; he set his Name to the Book, and therefore it could be no Libel; he so far improv'd afterwards, that his very Name to a Panegy-

(a) Vide p. 1.

rick has been enough to turn it into a Libel.

But concerning this Libel I shall observe, that Dr. *Cockbourn*, his Cotemporary, by good Fortune is alive, and has set it in a true Light; from him it appears it was generated by Ambition, and filled with Falshoods and Treachery, and was so far from being kept a Secret, as he asserts, that he dispers'd several Copies to even the Presbyterians themselves.

Moreover, tho' he represents that the Bishops us'd him with Sharpness, it appears they us'd him with more Lenity than he deserv'd, by only insisting on a Submission, and asking Pardon; the Doctor denies both, yet it is evident he is too partial to himself, if we consult the said Dr. *Cockbourn's* Remarks, for he did ask Pardon, and very probably upon his Knees.

Thus this throughly Episcopal Man began betimes to fall upon a Body of Men for adhering to the Court and worldly Matters; when he confesses, the same was his own constant Method from Nineteen: He could not therefore contrive this Libel out of a conscious Regard, but from Pique, because he was not a Bishop himself, or from Spite, to blast the Order.

I dare say all that time the Bishops wanted no foul Language from the sober Party in *Scotland*, without calling for new Aggravations, especially from so throughly an Episcopal

copal Brother; but the Doctor was a Wit, and therefore King *Charles* lik'd it, whose constant Rule was, never to punish a Man of Wit, though it was pointed full in his own Face: But how that Prince would have lik'd this History, we may easily judge, if he made Wit and Truth the Standard of his Approbation.

How would he have been pleas'd to hear his Brother ridicul'd as a Coward, upon a foolish Story of one *Bronker*, who order'd the Sails to be slacken'd while the Duke was asleep? The Doctor takes it for granted, all was contriv'd by the Duke of *York*, on purpose to save himself from further Danger, as though the Duke's Courage came only by Fits and Starts.

The Injustice done to the Memory of that unfortunate Prince by such Means, shew of what Complexion his Adversaries are. The Duke was more than once at Sea, and in Engagements of a quite different Nature from those at Land; if he had been pusillanimous, he wou'd never have ventur'd twice. The Doctor came over indeed in a Fleet; but if the Lord *Dartmouth* had been in the way, he would have gone back again with another Notion of a Sea-fight. The Duke of *York* might easily have been excused, if he had

been pleased ; but he wanted no Thirst of Glory, and 'tis barbarous to pluck the wither'd Lawrels from his Head.

Another Impertinence confutes it self in the Relation. The Duke was so tainted, he could not get healthy Children ; his eldest Daughter had always a Pain in her Eyes, and the youngest the Gout ; yet the youngest liv'd to Fifty Years of Age and died with no Chronical Distemper. Moreover, I never heard that the Gout was the Relict of the Pox, or a Sign of Weakness, when the best Constitutions have it : And though I propose in this Treatise a strict Neutrality in political Disputes, I will venture to say, if he could get a Daughter in 1664, who lived till Fifty-one, with no other Distemper than the Gout, he might possibly get a Son, in all Appearance healthy, in 1688, who may yet have the Gout before he dies, and where then is the Doctor's Argument gone ? Alas ! this poor Prince was a Complication of every thing bad with Dr. *Burnet* ; he contriv'd the Matter of the burning of the City of *London* ; and one *Grant*, a Papist, stopp'd the Cocks of the New River, and carried away the Peg, that when the Fire broke out, it was a great Delay to the getting Water from thence : This Story was told by Dr. *Lloyd*, and by the Countess of *Clarendon*.

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Now

Now the Doctor is upon his Reputation; but for my part, I do not believe he was told so by any one, because *Grant*, as I am credibly inform'd, did not enter into the *New-River-Company* till some time after the Fire.

If this Story had been true, one oblique Suspicion had been gain'd, and upon putting another Circumstance, that the Duke of *York* look'd very gay at the Fire, this is enough to make him burn the City at once. That he did look gay upon that Occasion, I do not believe, because it was contrary to his natural Looks; and we have only *Dr. Burnet's* Word for it. Then what Pleasure the presumptive Heir of Three Kingdoms could take in seeing the Metropolis burnt, I leave to any candid Man to account for; I know the Gunpowder-Plot has made the Papists believ'd to be capable of any Madness; yet I think it is very unfair from such an Accident, to charge a whole People with being Ideots.

I am quite weary of pursuing the Doctor through all his Reproaches against the Royal Family; his Ingratitude was certainly an unpardonable Crime, for these Princes, till they knew him, lov'd and caress'd him; and yet he carried an everlasting Spleen against them, and liv'd to triumph in their Ruins; and not content with that, (enough to satisfy the most unrelenting Heart) this History
is

is a fresh Attack, and a fresh Triumph over them in the Grave, so contrary to his own Principles set forth in a Book call'd, *A Vindication of Dr. Burnet and Dr. Tillotson, &c.* printed in 1696, where he says, *To violate the Quiet of the Dead, and pursue the Ashes of Men who have finish'd their Course, would pass for a Crime against Nature even amongst barbarous Nations, &c.* Now what the greatest Part of this History is, which he revis'd to his Death, I leave the Reader to judge. He endeavours to blast them to future Ages, a Practice our *English* Historians have been too successful in against unfortunate Monarchs before.

King *Charles* is in more Places than one represented cruel, though his eager and passionate Speech for an Act of Indemnity upon his Restoration, and the few Executions after so great a Rebellion, shew more of Mercy than Policy in him; for though numerous Executions are a Burthen and a Reproach to the Government, by the Doctor's own Confession, yet surely I would have hang'd one of a sort of such a numerous Species of Rogues, for Example sake: But when he mentions some desperate Enthusiasts at *Pentland-Hills*, the Doctor calls them an harmless Set of Men. 'Tis true, all Infant Rebellions are very harmless; but if it had proceeded, the Doctor could not answer for the harmless Intentions of a Set

of Mad-men, and envenom'd to the last degree.

This harmless Set of Men he calls *Martyrs to the Covenant*, for they rather chose to be hang'd than abjure the same.

The Doctor may honour them with the Stile of *Martyrs*; I am sure the Martyrs to Humour, to Prejudice, and Enthusiasm, are fit only for the Doctor's Calendar. A Man who dies with an erroneous Conscience, is no Martyr; nor can he be commemorated in the publick Offices of the Church, nor in our private Prayers; for the Devil is the Master of Humour, he sits upon the Mind, and often directs it thro' wild Extravagancies; whereas your truly conscientious People follow the plain Tract with Fear and Trembling; these Persons jump over Hedge and Ditch, dance o'er treacherous Bogs and Meadows, and are often mir'd with their Rashness: For Rebellion is a Bog, Slander, Fury, Uncharitableness, are the miry Path these Men tread, and are swallow'd up in; whereas a truly good Man is moved in another manner, and never lets his Religion and the Conceit of his own Piety carry him beyond the Bounds of common Morality and the Light of Nature.

It's very evident, these Men are set off by the Doctor, in order to slur King *Charles's* Memory with Cruelty; nay, he carried it so far, as not to stick to say the King burnt the
the

the City of *London*; and the Reason he gives for it is, because he did not quench the *Dutch* Fire-Ships at *Chatham*: Yet our Accounts of that Time tell us how diligent he and the Duke were in extinguishing the Fire of *London*. But if he was such a mischievous Prince, why did he not burn his own Palace, and perish in the Ruins. Surely Foreigners must have a strange Notion of the *Stuarts*, if they can be brought to believe these Accounts.

The Person who suffers most by the Doctor's Pen, is, the Lord *Clarendon*; for he constantly gives him a good Word, and that is enough to make me suspect that Lord's Integrity; for, as I remember, the Lord *Southampton* and him are the only Lords he vouches for to speak of with Cordiality and Friendship: But he dresses up such a monstrous Story to account for the Lord *Clarendon's* Disgrace, that I almost blush for his Authors. The King lov'd Mrs. *Steward* so vehemently, that he design'd to marry her. The Lord *Clarendon* oppos'd this preposterous Match; and his Son the Lord *Cornbury* coming from her Lodgings just at a time when she had given the King the Slip, and married the Duke of *Richmond*, this blew up the Flames so high, that my Lord *Clarendon* was remov'd from his Post

This

This is exceeding good for a Play, and makes King *Charles* an excellent *Herod* or *Arbaces* ; but alas, it is as foreign to Truth, as the preceding Stories. The Doctor owns himself, in one Part of this History, that the Duke of *Buckingham* proposed to carry the Queen from him, (and to drown her, I suppose) ; but the King would not hear the least Injury to be offer'd to the poor Lady, and protected her at all Hazards during his Life ; when, if he had been an *Henry VIII.* he wanted no Opportunities to make her away ; and particularly, (a) the Doctor confesses he heard from Mr. *May*, that a Project was set on Foot to have the Lord *Roose's* Divorce be a Precedent for the King's : but the King's Answer to that was, it will not do, *i. e.* he would not be brought to do a thing so barbarous and unjustifiable ; for there could be no other Obstacle at that time, if the King had consented to it.

He says, Mr. *May* was against every thing the King was for, *France*, Popery, and Arbitrary Government.

I cannot but say, it was very odd the King should take it into his Head to deprive himself of the Sovereignty of Three Kingdoms, and to resign all graciously into the Hands of the *French* King. This shews a

(a) *Vide* p. 262.

very mean Taste for Rule, and a very high Opinion of his Cousin. The only Instance like it, was the Duke of *Lorrain*; yet what he did, was in a Fit of Madness, Rage and Despair, against his Nephew. But here the Two Brothers lovingly unite *to* sell their Country to *France*. I must beg the Doctor's Pardon, if I say this was too low to put into an History; it serves to very good Purposes with the credulous Mob, but will by no means pass with the rest of Mankind.

Then as to Popery, if ever we should fall under the Government of Popish Kings, to mend the Misfortune let 'em be such Papists as himself; may the Church of *England* enjoy the same peaceful Shade, may her Clergy be as learned and as good, and we shall hardly feel the Change.

But this good-natur'd, *French*, Popish King was heartily plagu'd with a Wife, who came in a sad Pickle from Rambling, to *Whitehall* in a Cart; (a) the Doctor did not see the Cart, but he was told so, and that's enough.

The Doctor, tho' very hard upon Queen *Katherine*, has great Compassion for Mrs. *Roberts*, she was a Clergyman's Daughter, (b) who, tho' she fell into many scandalous Disorders, with very dismal Adventures in them all, yet a Principle of Religion was so

(a) See p. 263.

(b) *ibid.*

deep laid in her, that he convers'd with her three Months himself towards the latter part of her Time. I cannot but say she was very lucky in the Choice of a Confessor, it was hard to find one with Limbs more brawny, Conscience more supple, and Principles more loose, all three extream good Qualifications for a Lady of Pleasure.

His Divinity is to me a little unintelligible; that she could have the Seeds of Religion in a known and mortal Sin, borders very near upon the Independent Notion; that she might repent, is, I think, not contrary to the Doctrine of the Church of *England*; but upon that Repentance the Spirit of God returns, and this is a State of Regeneration; but in that State of Sin she could have no Principle of Religion in her, nor no Seeds of Grace, for those Seeds always rise up in a Crop of good Works; whereas she was not in a Capacity of any saving Works, as she liv'd void of God's Grace, and consequently of the Principles of Religion; but to say they were deeply rooted, and yet brought no Effect, contradicts our blessed Saviour's own Parable of the Sower, who let his Seed fall upon stony Ground, where it brought forth no Fruit, and wither'd away. But to let this pass: If Mrs. *Roberts* was the only pious Whore King *Charles* kept, it was his Misfortune, who wanted no Sense, if *distinguish'd Sense*, according to a certain Divine, would

would have brought him to Repentance; and I will never believe Dr. Burnet, that the Prince was such a Fool as to tell the Prince of Orange (a Boy of 20 Years of Age) that he himself was a Papist (a).

Nor will I believe the said Doctor (b), that Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrews, was a Man of no Piety, and that it was singular in him to burst out once into this seraphick Expression: *My Times are wholly in thy Hand, O thou my God of my Life.* The general Esteem he liv'd in with all good Men, and even with a great Party of the Doctor's own Presbyterians, the *Resolutioners*, ought to make us suppose he had some Reputation for Piety, and in an Age when Piety generally came out of the Mouth. His Behaviour before, and at his Death was such as became the most primitive Confessors and Martyrs. He had been instructing his Daughter in the Principles of Religion; and when he came near to a Farmer's House call'd *Magus*, he said, *There lives an ill-natur'd Man; God preserve us, my Child.* When he found he was pursu'd, he cry'd out, *Lord have Mercy upon me, my poor Child, for I am gone.* When he came out of the Coach he begg'd for some Time to pour out his Soul to God, and falling on his Knees, he said, *Lord, forgive them, for I*

(a) See p. 273.

(b) p. 277.

do. *Lord, receive my Spirit.* They struck at his Hands lifted up to Heaven, bleeding with their Wounds, and then cut him down.

This Narrative, and a full Account of the Bishop, you may see from a Pamphlet printed on that Subject in the Year 1723, and call'd, *A true and impartial Account of the Life of the most Reverend Father in God Doctor James Sharp.*

And to shew a Testimony of the Doctor's own concerning the *Scottish* Bishops, whom he personally knew, I shall for the present borrow it from the said Pamphlet, and taken from his Life of Bishop *Bedell*. " I shall not
 " add much of the Bishops that have been in
 " that Church since the last re-establishing of
 " the Order, but that I have observ'd among
 " the few of them to whom I have the Honour to be known particularly, as great
 " and exemplary Things as ever I met with
 " in all Ecclesiastical History, not only the
 " Practice of the strictest of all the ancient
 " Canons, but a Pitch of Virtue and Piety
 " beyond what can fall under common Imitation, or be made the Measure of even
 " the most Angelical Rank of Men, and saw
 " things in them that would look like fair
 " Ideas than what Men cloth'd with Flesh
 " and Blood could grow up to. But of this
 " I will say no more, since those who are
 " concern'd are yet alive, and their Character is too singular not to make them to be

“ as easily known if I enlarg’d upon it as if
 “ I nam’d them.”

Thus far the Bishop, when he spoke without Prejudice his own calm and impartial Thoughts, could deliver himself very well, as indeed he does in this History (a), in his Observations upon the Act of Supremacy, introduc’d into *Scotland* by the Earl of *Lauderdale* in the Year 1669.

This was a Yoke, tho’ easily put on by the *English* in King *Henry VIIIth*’s Time; to the *Scotch* it was insupportable: And the Doctor very well observes that *Lauderdale* could do it with no other Design, than to put the Church of *Scotland* into the Hands of the Duke.

Whether the Doctor was aware of the Consequences when he made this Concession, I will not say; however, to any considering Man it will plainly appear, that when King *James* came to the Possession of these Kingdoms, arm’d with the Supremacy, he had both Churches in his Hands; and by virtue of that Supremacy he rais’d all those Alarms, so terrible and afflicting to his Friends, who wish’d him well as a Civil Magistrate, but could not bear the Ecclesiastical Supremacy in Popish Hands.

(a) See p. 284.

The Doctor says, *Sharp* did not like it, but durst not oppose it, and all the Bishops present voted for it. My Pamphlet concerning Archbishop *Sharp*, on the contrary says the Bishops made all the Opposition they could; and Archbishop *Sharp* arguing zealously upon the Point, was interrupted by his Grace from the Throne, thus, *That my Lord Saint Andrews would not allow the King's Supremacy in the Terms of the Act, because he supposed he design'd that for himself.* I suppose the good Bishop design'd it for Christ, to whom only it belong'd.

In pursuance of this Supremacy *Burnet* was suspended from being Archbishop of *Glasgow*, and *Leighton* made Commendator during the Suspension. But the Archbishop was restor'd, and *Leighton* came to England.

To leave the *Scottish* Affairs, I must attend the Doctor back to the *Stuarts*; as he made all the rest Fools, he has found one a Whore, and that is the Dutches of *Orleans*, Daughter to King *Charles* the First. He discovers her Intrigues with the King of *France*, with her Brother, with the Marquis *de Vardes* and *Treville* and makes her Call upon the last mentioned Gallant at the very moment of her Death. From whence did our wise Doctor learn these Discoveries; that with her Brother he had from the Abbot *de Primi*, who wrote concerning that affair, and for the same he was put into the

the Bastile, and the rest came from a Person of Distinction, who had it from those who were well inform'd of the Matter; a very hopeful Account to blast the Reputation of a poor Lady who came to an unfortunate end, perhaps little deserving the Fate: we ought in Charity so to conclude as she dy'd protesting her Innocence, and with all the Signs of a christian Resignation to the Will of God. Her calling out upon *Treville* in a guilty manner, is all of a piece with the Doctor's others Relations.

I could not but smile at the Doctor's triple Character of King *James* the First at one time he was a Papist in his Heart, But pag. 319. he was an *Arminian* in *England*, and resolv'd to crush them in *Holland*. How sweetly Contradictions help the Doctor out at a dead Lift.

The Doctor tells us a most remarkable Astrological Story of the old Prince of *Orange*, that he should have a Son of a Widow, and die of the Small-Pox in the 25th Year of his Age, which came to pass; for the Son was born after his Father in the eighth Month with several Disadvantages.

The next falls upon King *Charles* the Second in the beginning of his third Book. All was bare-fac'd now at Court, that the Design was against our civil Laws and Liberties. This the Doctor urges with his usual confidence, tho' any such Design was both impracticable and improbable. But this Introduction

duction paves the Way for uncommon Events, the Popish and the *Rye-house* Plots, and the Executions of several of the Doctor's dear Friends, not to mention his own wonderful Escape from the Boots.

I leave it to any Man of Sense how it can be imagin'd that a Prince who lov'd his Ease and never discover'd any tender Sense of Religion; who was never observ'd to be seiz'd with any Fit of Bigotry, should lay a Scheme to embroil himself with Measures dangerous in themselves, that must necessarily cast him from all his Ease and Quiet, to introduce a Religion for which he could as a Man of Sense have but very little Esteem; he generally pick'd out the best of our Divines for all Posts in the Church, they had all their Scope of Field Arguments without any Discouragement from the Court; the Papists ran from 'em in every Engagement, yet the Prince himself was secretly a Papist.

If he was weary with the Contradictions of Parliaments, I believe his Ambition was to smoothe the Roughness of their Ways; rather than to annihilate 'em; he knew several in the House were equal to the Junto who took off his Father's Head, and the King himself was in the greatest Danger.

Well, but to carry on this Plot of the King against himself, our dear Doctor takes an Hint so very formidable at the first View to a Fool or an Ass, that it cannot but take very
well

well with most of his Readers, a *French* General was brought over to command the Army.

Here must be a plain Reduction of *England*. But the Doctor in a little while spoils his own Story, he discovers that *Schomberg* was a profess'd and a zealous Hugonot, that he always persuaded King *Charles* to side with the Protestants abroad; and how cou'd this Man be sent for over to reduce us to Popery and Slavery?

Such poor Stuff as this for a Man of Learning to bring up to blast a Prince who had us'd him kindly was unpardonable. He tells us *p.* 356 that upon his writing his Memoirs of Duke *Hamilton*, the King sent for him, and was very free in Conversation with him, tho' his Book was villanous, and wrote with an ill Design.

The Doctor upon clofeting gave all hopes of being a very good Pimp; the King us'd him like a Gentleman, and said things before him as tho' he did not look upon him as a *Sheldon*, or a very grave Divine; he confess'd Adultery was a Sin, he thought God would not damn a Man for simple who-ring. The Bishop does not tell us he contradicted him, from whence I conclude they parted very good Friends as to that Notion.

From a Pimp he makes a very good Transition to be a Prophet, *p.* 359, and a true one he was indeed as to Fact, if that was all.

He

He told King *James* the Followers of Passive Obedience would never want Distinctions for a Rebellion upon proper Provocations. I am very sorry King *James* did not take the Hint, it would have sav'd him the Inconveniences he fell into, and us a great many more. I commend the Doctor's Sincerity, who wanted not a Distinction for his own Use, and could help his Neighbours to more.

If unlimited Doctrines will admit of Distinctions to elude 'em, a Prince is not safe upon the Throne who trusts the Men or their Doctrines; for alas! Passive Obedience was only the Court Flattery of that Age, and was taken up for no other View by the Rising Clergy (as the rising Ones in all corrupt Ages have some particular Marks by which they are known to be living Men to Ministers of State and Princes.) When you see the Scarf and powder'd Wig brush into a Chair, when you see it at a Lobby or at a great Man's Levee, you may be sure his Head is like a Turnstile, he will let his Masters thro' for a Passage over the Liberties of his Country, whenever they please.

The Sign of Capitulation is given, and he will surrender the Keys in a Bason at a minutes warning.

If King *James* believ'd such Men, and upon that Presumption touch'd 'em to the quick, he was the most impolitick Prince alive; for
they

they have feeling in their Flesh, tho' not in their Consciences, and their Passions stir and put on the feign'd Allarms for Religion, when all is hush and quiet within.

Such was the Doctor himself, he had Passions to stir, and those Passions always settled in Malice, for no Kindness could cure the Ulcers upon his Mind: With what freedom he deals with the Scottish Clergy, they were not fit to meet in a Synod, so that he makes 'em equivalent to *Hudibrasses* Bear Garden.

But to shew his Ingratitude with his Friend and Benefactor the Duke of *York*, I shall give it the Reader from his own words, pag. 371.

When the King suspected our Divine had been working Mischief in *Scotland*, the Duke of *York* receiv'd him with great Kindness and Familiarity; he told the Doctor the King was incens'd against him, and was made believe he was the cause of Mischief. The Duke believ'd him more innocent, and offer'd to set him right with the King, and carried him to the King who receiv'd him very coldly. Sometime after when the Duke was told the Lord Chamberlain had Orders to strike his Name out of the List of Chaplains, and that the King forbid him the Court, the Duke seem'd troubled, and spoke to the King about it, yet was he admitted to make his own Justification, tho' without Success; and when the King wish'd him to go to *Scotland*, he Duke advis'd him to stay behind, for if

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he went an Enemy to Duke *Lauderdale* he would be imprison'd and lie long enough. And when the Doctor tried for Preferment in *London*, the Duke endeavour'd to prevail with *Lauderdale* to be neuter. And afterwards labour'd a Reconciliation more than once, tho' to no purpose.

Thus far the Duke carried an air of Friendship, Sweetness and Candour, towards this ingrateful Man; but at last human Infirmary prevail'd with the Doctor: He is very impartial to his own weakness, and discovers at once the cause of his Disgrace, and of his future irrecoverable Spleen against the Royal Family. Here the Scene opens and displays the Man, his naked Thoughts at one view.

For *Lauderdale*, a most corrupt Minister, in my Opinion, having thus declar'd open War against *Burnet*. The Doctor to be reveng'd, drops out some Expressions, that he knew of some wicked Designs of *Lauderdales*; that is, he knew some Secrets of his, whisper'd to him in the Bosom of Friendship. The House of Commons falling upon *Lauderdale*, the Doctor was carried, threatned and examin'd by a Committee, about these Secrets and wicked Designs. He shuffled, pretended to know more than he really did; and by this artificially contriv'd Discovery of Part, he made himself very necessary and considerable to *Lauderdale's* Enemies. His Discoveries were of the same Nature

Nature with Sir *Henry Vanes* of my Lord *Strafford*, of arming *Irish* Papists to cut Protestants Throats, and bringing in a *Scotch* Army to subdue *England*. The Temper was then hot enough to ripen this crude Evidence, and the Doctor for his Breach of Trust, Honour and Friendship was intirely cast off by the Duke. And I observe he does not acquit himself from the Imputation of Treachery. It may be pardonable now to observe here was very little room for Spleen and Animosity so deeply rooted against the *Stuarts*. They shar'd the common Fate of Princes to be led by corrupt Ministers in their turns. It is the *European* Custom, and few Princes, if any, have escap'd the Witchcraft of this Circle. But why should the Doctor arm himself against 'em as the Monsters of Mankind; it is too much to speak in Heat, but in cool Blood it is not to be forgiven. To sum up their Characters, he makes both the Brothers cruel to the last, and so wicked as to burn the City of *London*, and afterwards to lay a Scheme to sell three Kingdoms to *France* for a Pension to support their Ends. The eldest was sometimes like *Nero*, and sometimes like *Tiberius*; and the last would have burnt the whole Nation, besides another Bite he had in Store to perpetuate our Miseries after he was dead. If half of this was true, every *Roman* Breast would be stirr'd up against their

Ashes; yet all is Scandal upon the Princes who lov'd and carress'd him, till he was a prostituted Informer, and after that Footmen would shun his Company.

He insinuates, pag. 389. That King *Charles* took Bribes from the *French* King; whereas he knows this was a common Practice, if we may believe *Comines* in former Ages. The Doctor calls 'em Bribes, others less Prejudiced, Pensions; but if the antient Scripture word *Tribute* was call'd in, it would not be worse. The Word Bribe is a Low, and mean Word with Princes, with whom it is an Honour to take Money for Peace. The King of *France* was therefore properly a Tributary to the King of *England*.

Indeed the Doctor represents him so low as to be an under-strapping Privateer, that he sold our *English* Merchants Ships to the *French*, and one, that in all probability by mistake was his Brothers. This was a very low Trade for a Monarch.

But, alas! the Story tells poorly, and amounts to no more in Effect, than that the King was impos'd upon, and made to believe the Ship was really *Dutch*; but when he was better inform'd, he took effectual Care it should be discharg'd, by Orders reinforc'd to General *Lockhart* his Ambassador there.

Let us return to a new Character, pag. 392. I shall not meddle with the Doctor about
Compton's

Compton's Character: But *Sancroft* is come off from the Engagement much shatter'd. I have had several Opportunities of enquiring into the Character of that Prelate, and the Doctor is too Lessening and injurious to him; he was so far from being monastick or abstracted, that he was popular in his See, ador'd by all that knew him, and equally lov'd upon his Recess; and we know Popularity never in this Age attends an abstracted Life. The Doctor says, few lov'd him; in this he contradicts the common Experience of the Age in which he liv'd: And as to Hospitality he exceeded most of the Bishops before him, as I have the Testimony of those who knew the Affairs of the Archbishop's Exactness and few have since come up to his.

But whom will not envy, blast; the great, the virtuous are not shelter'd by their Merit from the Poison of a malicious Tongue. The glorious Martyr *Sharp*, pag. 113. is brought upon the Stage as a perjur'd Person who swore away *Mitchel's* Life, who shot the Bishop of *Orkney*, and *Mitchel* against all Justice, was hang'd upon his Evidence.

I shall extract a few Passages from the above mention'd Pamphlet and Archbishop *Sharp's* Life to clear the Prelate at least. The Oath the Bishop swore, was to this purpose, *That he was aware of Mitchels passing from the Coach and crossing the Street, which had such an Impression upon him, that the first*
fight

sight he saw of him after he was taken, he knew him to be the Person who shot the Shot. The other part of the Oath was sworn to by several Privy Counsellours of known Honour and Integrity, viz. That he heard Mitchel own to the Privy Council his Confession made to the Committee, and that he heard him at the Bar renew the same, and that there was no assurance of Life then or there given him, or so much as desir'd by him.

When *Sharp* had this *Mitchel* seiz'd, he had two Pistols about him, and only wanted an opportunity to renew the Attempt.

The Doctor says, the Primate promis'd the Wretch his Pardon by a Friend if he would confess. It does not appear who this Friend was; and the Archbishop's clear and distinct Oath to the contrary ought to go, and beyond the Testimony of such a Wretch. Surely after an Attempt of this nature, the Archbishop may be allow'd to be really in danger of his Life; and I think the Sequel might have prevented the Doctor's Reflecting when we consider how tragical it was.

I could not but smile at the Doctor's bringing in *Tillotson* into a Share of the Popish Plot, p. 431. he was acquainted with *Langborn's* Wife, who was a zealous Protestant; she came oft to the Doctor, and made all her Discoveries to him (an hopeful Prospect for the Husband) she wheedled her Son into a Confession of the Popish Plot, who
own'd

own'd the Designs were laid for infallible Success, and that his Father would be one of the greatest Men in *England*, for he saw a Commission from the Pope constituting him Advocate-General, I say, if this is true, what a villainous Correspondence must *Tillotson* keep with this Woman?

I shall put into the same List the sly Insinuations against Queen *Katherine*. *Oats's* Deposition was ridicul'd by all the World, and *Bedlow's* was worse; and to fortify this ridiculous Surmise, at the time Sir *Edmundbury Godfrey* was kill'd the Queen was retir'd; such Stuff is very mean to produce to blast the Lady, but the Doctor does not write for the Instruction of this Age, but to poison the Mob in the next.

During this Stir with the Popish Plot, the Parliament, to shew their Watchfulness for Power and Dominion, pass'd a Bill for raising all the Militia, and for keeping it together, till Monarchy should be no more. These wise Commonwealths-Men knew very well how to improve a sham Plot into a real one, and under the Colour of a Popish Plot they would have introduc'd a Presbyterian Rebellion. The King with all his Designs to reduce the Nation, would not suffer his Parliament to take the Field against him again, and refus'd to pass the Bill; this was a gross Step, for if Kings will not be Changelings,

lings, how shall we come at Liberty, and be a free People?

I could not but smile to find after the famous Breach mended, Dr. *Burnet* and King *Charles* Friends again, and the tender Words that pass'd concerning the Queen; for as much like *Tiberius* as he was, the King hated a base Action, he thought it an horrid thing to abandon her, because he look'd on Falsehood and Cruelty as the greatest Crimes in the Sight of God, *p.* 438. yet in another place he says King *Charles* had no Tenderness in him; so the Doctor parted with Protestations that he would discover all Conspiracies he knew against him or his Government; if he had been sincere the Boots would not have been so terrible in *Scotland*; and he confesses afterwards he heard the Secrets and Tendencies towards Plots, but always shut his Ears when he had heard what he could, that he might not be under an Obligation of telling more than he knew.

The Debates concerning the Bill of Exclusion, and the Schemes for a Limitation of the Duke's Power when he should ascend the Throne, are Topicks of a very curious Nature. The Justice of the Bill in general has been distinguish'd away by some Casuists, who tho' compell'd to allow the due Force to the legislative Authority of the Nation, yet cry out *Summum jus est summa injuria*. But concerning this others have determin'd before

fore me. But as to the Limitation Scheme, the Lords *Essex* and *Hallifax* drove to the same End with the Earl of *Shaftsbury*, but with more Prudence; for if they had plac'd the Publick Money and the Power of Peace and War in the Houses of Parliament, and had given that Parliament a Power of Self-subsistence, the new Popish King's Reign would not have been of longer Duration than the Protector *Richard's*; especially if the Country had sent up Republican Members, heated with a Popish Plot, and deaf as to a Presbyterian one; but above all, the King should have had the Ecclesiastical Power in his own Hands, for the Mischief his Zeal would have done therewith had ended in the Extirpation of Monarchy; so far *Shaftsbury* did not see, nor the other Lords, when they propos'd the Scheme; but the Event has prov'd it as to one Part, with this difference, that a single Person stept in, where a Commonwealth would have fill'd up, and all the Labours of these deep Men fell to the Ground.

A great Debate happen'd during this wise Parliament, (who knew no Heat but against Popery, no Loyalty but to themselves, and no Hatred but to Bishops;) whether the Bishops should withdraw from the Debates concerning the Earl of *Danby's* Pardon? That the Bishops should not vote in case of Blood, proceeds rather from Custom and Decency,
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than want of Right; but to exclude them from voting in Cafes of Liberty, and the King's Prerogative, could enter only into the Thoughts of a Set of Men who would extirpate 'em Root and Branch with a proper Opportunity.

The Doctor, *p.* 461. laments the sad Heat of the Times, but of the Clergy more particularly; only to cool the Flame, says he, there were these following Divines, *Tennison, Sharp, Patrick, Fowler, Scot, Calamy, Claget, Cudworth*, the two *Mores, Williams*, &c.

As to *Tennison*, he was like scalding Lead, and fell into your Shoes and burnt, when he could not affect the Head. *Sharp* was the best of the Number, but so wide from the Doctor, that for 26 Years together Blood or no Blood? They never voted together. *Patrick* wrote the sharpest Book against the Dissenters that ever was penn'd. *Sherlock* hated your whole Party, till his Wife converted him. Before the Revolution *Scot* was as warm as the rest, as you may guess by this one Expression, *Rebellion will nauseate the Conscience of a Devil*. Why then are these Men brought upon the Stage? The greatest Number hated the Doctor and his Principles; but this is done to carry the Reader off from casting his Eye on the Bishops of that Age, with whom the Doctor declares eternal Hatred and immortal War, but the greatest Enemy was

was Archbishop *Sharp*; and when he comes to relate the Murder, he is as partial as in his other Stories above concerning that Prelate. His Account is thus, *p.* 470.

“ A Party of furious Men were riding thro’
 “ a Moor near *St. Andrews*, they saw the
 “ Archbishop’s Coach appear; he had sent
 “ his Servant off upon Complement’s or
 “ home before: The Enthusiasts seeing this
 “ concluded God had put him into their
 “ hands; seven made up to the Coach, while
 “ the rest at scout were riding about the
 “ Moor: One of them fir’d a Pistol at him,
 “ which burnt his Coat and Gown, but did
 “ not go into his Body. Upon this they fancied
 “ he had a magical Secret to secure himself
 “ against a Shot. They drew him out
 “ of his Coach and murdered him barbarously,
 “ repeating their Strokes till they
 “ were sure he was dead, no body happening
 “ to go cross the Moor all the while.
 Thus far he.

The Partiality in this Relation is notorious: For, first he makes it an accidental Encounter. The Substance of the Depositions sent to the Privy Council from *St. Andrews*, are in the said Life of Archbishop *Sharp*, and amount to this: His Grace was way-lay’d by diverse Parties, so that whether he had gone strait to *St. Andrews*, or repair’d to his House of *Scotsfraig* he could not escape them. It was also depon’d, that the nine who commit-

ted the Murther were the night before at a Country place calld *Hurleswind*, and that one of them, with *Andrew Turnbull*, Tenant to *Broomhall*, (who had cross'd the Water the same Tide with his Grace) came to *Kennoway* about midnight, and inquir'd if my Lord of *St. Andrews* was lodg'd at Captain *Seton's*, and being told that he was, he presently return'd to the rest. That on the Morning of the third of *May* they were seen on *Face's Muir*, and intended to have attack'd the Coach on the Heath, to the South of *Ceres*, where it seems they were in some confusion; for *Rathillet's* Horse ran from him, and he was taken and given back to him by the Gardiner of *Struther*. *John Balfour*, with one more entred so far into the Town of *Ceres* in pursuit of the Coach, that by mistake he rode to the Minister's Gate and retir'd, having the Coach still in view they kept half a Mile to the South thereof, till they came to *Kinninmouth*, and then they came quickly down from that Height and gallop'd thro' a little Valley call'd *Ladeddi Linnkilrs*, having the top of the Coach in view, with a design to commit the Murther at the double Dykes of *Magask*.

In another Information we are told, that *May* the first they had a Meeting at *Miller's* House in *Magask*, where they consulted the Business. The next night they lodg'd at *Robert Black's* in *Baldinny*, whose Wife was a great

great Instigator of the Fact; at parting one of them kiss'd her, and she pray'd that God might bless them, adding these words, *If Long Leslie (viz. the Minister of Ceres) be with him lay him on the Green also.* To which the Russian answered, holding up his Hand, *There is the Hand that shall do it.* *Andrew Turnbull* before mention'd encouraged them in the Fact, by telling them all the West was in Arms already.

There is likewise a Copy of a Paper dropt at *Cowper* in *Fife*, before the Murther of the Archbishop, in which he was plainly mark'd out and threatned there; and King *Charles* took notice of the same in his Answer to the Privy Council.

A common distich pass'd amongst those Saints for a Prophecy.

*If Sharp do die the common Death of
Men,*

*I'll burn my Books and throw away my
Pen.*

By this time there is no room to dispute the Design was laid before hand with Malice nough: let us go thro' with the Doctor's Narrative. One says, he fir'd a Pistol at him, and burnt his Coat and Gown; upon this they thought he was invulnerable and drag'd him out of the Coach. Now by the Declaration of the Physitians and Chyrurgions it appears,

appears, that the Shot did enter, two or three Inches below the right Clavicle, betwixt the second and third Rib, and he was run thro' the Kidneys with a small Sword. Moreover, they did not drag him out of the Coach, for he step'd out, and gave up the Ghost after several barbarous Cuts upon the Ground. It is moreover false, that his Servants were all out of the way, and sent upon Errands; for one was wounded by a Sword, and the rest were disarm'd. Moreover, the Doctor says not one word of their Robbery, as well as the Murther and riffling his and his Daughters Pockets. I suppose they thought the Money too was the Gift of Providence, and came graciously in the way to supply their Wants. These were true Field-meeting Principles, such as encouraged a Week after a Party of the Conventiclers in an open Rebellion at *Glasgow*.

But to leave this melancholy Story, I shall return to the Affairs of *England*. The Year 1680 brought a Set of Men into the House of Commons, who were sent by the People under the notion of preserving Liberty and Property: But as they officiously thrust themselves on, their Integrity was the more to be suspected; nor did any Set of Men for the time run on with such violence over the Liberties of a People, which they were pretendedly sent to take care of; and if the House
of

of Lords had not moderated their Fury, they would have hang'd a poor Judge for not hanging enough innocent Men. The Bill of Exclusion met with no Hesitation in those Walls; and we may easily guess they lov'd one Brother as well as the other: They made nothing of calling as good Protestants as themselves Papists, as knowing no Damages for Scandal could be had from that House. They set up, indeed, the Liberty of the Mob to Petition, because that Practice had met with very good Success in their own memories. And they purg'd their House of all Antipetitioners and distastful Persons with an air of Insolence very fortunate to the Expell'd, who made their Fortunes by the Change. Of this the Doctor very much complains, pag. 484. as he does that the *Habeas Corpus* Act was carried in the former Parliament in the House of Lords, by reckoning ten for one fat Man: This I leave to any one to believe who pleases. Well, this House proceeded so far, they imprison'd whom they pleas'd; for which even the Doctor questions their Power. The Judges were afraid to allow the Benefit of the *Habeas Corpus*, those who is fell under their Power, so that the Liberty of the Nation was admirably well secur'd by these Patriots.

Then the Association by which they engag'd to knock the Papist's Brains out if the Republicans murder'd the King, was an
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hopeful State, to those who wish'd to live quiet in their Beds, and studied the Tranquility of their Lives; and a Party of Men, ill enough inclin'd had a Pardon to murder the King whenever it should be in their way.

But for want of such as the Duke of *York*, was then too green to burn; a poor, weak, silly Lord, was hunted down for the Plot; and being sworn out of Breath by three stanch Witneses, fell just such a Sacrifice as a wither'd Oak upon the Plain, born down by a Tempest. I dare say no Lord in that Assembly, where he stood formally arraign'd, believ'd him guilty, and King *Charles* flung him like a Bow in their way to stop their Fury from devouring himself and his House.

All the three Witneses were prov'd perjur'd at the Trial, and yet the Doctor speaks with such coolness of that poor Lords Case, as tho' he had either not read the Trial, or had wilfully omitted to do him justice.

Here it was prov'd Doctor *Oates* swore *Don John* was a tall black Man; but this was unaccountable before the Council, tho' King *Charles* personally knew *Don John* to be a little round Man.

The King sick of those Doings, and finding at that Season Parliaments necessary and dangerous at the same time, he was resolv'd to move the Firebrand from the Fewel, and to call a new Parliament at *Oxford*.

At

At this time *Burnet* confesses he was laying Schemes to make the Prince of *Orange* Protector. He forgot his old Engagements and past Friendship, and was putting a slavering Bibb upon a grown Man in his full Senses, and respected by all Europe; the Duke was too old to commence a Lunatick, however the Doctor found this Expedient for the good of all Parties.

It would be a pretty sight to see a stalking King without Power, Sense or Prerogative dress'd up for a Show, and turn'd into a Changling, with as much Sense and Spirit as his Protector. At the bottom how would the *Dutch* laugh to see the Admiral that beat 'em turn'd into a Fool? A King has but two ways left for his Honour, after he has lost his Power; First to get into Exile, where he will find his Dominions very narrow and precarious, but his Subjects obedient, and there he reigns with the feeble Reflection of a Glow Worms Light; or to his Grave, where if he lies down with Honour after the Oppressures of Fortune, he will be pitied but not laugh'd at.

King *Charles* who car'd neither to make the Duke or him Tools to such a Party, with great Prudence dissolv'd this *Oxford* Parliament with a Blast as quick as Gun-powder, before their standing Army they brought with them could be drawn up or led on to knock their King on the head. If he had

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parted with his Prerogative he had been in a fine condition.

This was the *Coup de foudre* Blow all that time to the Republican Schemes. Our Doctor retir'd to his Studies of Philosophy, Chymistry and Algebra, for poor Man he had done no wickedness, and the Expedient of making the Prince of *Orange* Protector could mean no harm to the Duke.

Yet was the Doctor made the common Subject of Raillery. Poor Man his Character never could be fully clear'd till he retir'd to more close Studies in *Holland* and came back to *Sarum*.

He was brought to Court once more by the Lord *Hallifax*, with an extraordinary Accession of Complements, as tho' the presumptive Heir of the Crown was return'd from Exile, but Favour was so slippery at that time he could not hold it.

In short no Obligation could either sincerely win the Man or make him a fair Enemy. The Plotters against the King were then so bare-fac'd, the Children could point 'em out in the Streets, yet to them the Doctor would adhere. But I do not remember he ever made good his Promise to divulge their Secrets, so that upon the whole his Spleen got the Ascendant of his Ambition, Preferments were not half so attractive as his Spite.

He would impose upon Posterity to make 'em believe my Lord *Shaftsbury*, a perfectly
inno-

innocent Man, who perhaps had as much Guilt upon his Shoulder, as any discarded Minister ever had; to omit his tampering with the popish Plot. His share in all the Mischiefs of that Age are but too visible to this present Day.

Well, the Doctor to represent the Innocence of that Lord, acquaints us he was a Fool. That he had an extravagant way of talking without guard, v. pag. 508. I believe no Person alive who flourish'd in that Reign, will allow my Lord *Shaftsbury* to be a Fool or a Babler, his Thoughts ran very deep; and as silent as the River *Lethe*, if he could forget the Association found in his Study. This was no less than an actual Declaration of War: They there engage to disband the King's Forces under his Pay; to give a Command to destroy the presumptive Heir of the Kingdom and his Adherents; to obey the Orders of the present Parliament and their Officers: And all this they promise under pain of being prosecuted as perjur'd Persons and Enemies to God,

This was a sharp Prelude, of a Return of the Troubles we had but just before escap'd of an Usurpation. This was a little Crime with the Doctor who wanted to see these Days again.

When we come to the Matters of Fact; the Doctor tells us, that *Wilkinson* a Prisoner

ner for Debt was solicited to be an Evidence against him. The Levity of this Objection is not worth insisting upon, because the Man's Honour might be above his Misfortunes, tho' few Evidences can be suppos'd to have a clear and untainted Character; for if we insist upon that Nicety, no Plots can ever be discover'd. However we find of him that he was a *Yorkshire* Gentleman, an old Royalist who had serv'd the King and his Father in the War, and had been ingratfully us'd, upon which he commenc'd a Male Content: And my Lord *Shaftsbury* who knew how to work up all Passions and Humours, engag'd him on his side to establish a Commonwealth.

Booth swore positively to a Discourse with that Lord, that *Wilkinson* was to command 50 Men to go to *Oxford*: That *Booth* was to be provided and arm'd to bring the King to *London*, and settle their own Schemes, if the rest were Persons of little Credit, one Evidence of the Association and *Booths* were sufficient to induce any Jury to find the Bill who had not scar'd Consciences.

However it is no wonder to find our Doctor loading the *Stuarts* with all his Weight of incredible Lies. The Duke of *York* he says struck upon a Sand in the *Glocester* Frigate; he took only on Board his Dogs and a few unknown Persons suppos'd to be Priests, tho' the Boat would have held eighty more. Yet there are some alive who were on Board

Board with the Duke, and some of Quality whose Fathers were on Board, and give a quite different account of this.

This Falshood is so dazzling, that a common Sailor at *Wapping* swore the other day the Lie was as great as ever he heard in all his Voyages.

Nor is it of much less size, that the Duke of *Tork* gave the first Rise to Men of Debauched Principles in *Scotland*: For I can never believe the Presbyterian Ministers, who insulted their Kings and Princes for so many Generations together, and brought some to untimely Graves were better admitting this was true. Their supercilious Pride, their profanation of Scripture Phrases, and their Sobriety shall not protect 'em from Censure; for if they *can't* Scripture, and neglect the plain and evident precepts of Obedience to their Princes; if they drank Water all their lives, and wore Sackcloth upon their backs, I will believe neither their Religion nor their holy Grimace. And therefore we may sett the sober Debauchees against the wild ones in a proper light.

When the Doctor comes to the *Rye House* Plot, a Plot of the Doctors own Friends, he mumbles it as the Ass does thistles. The Consultation he cannot deny; but he positively insists upon it, that the Plot never ripen'd into Action, and the miraculous Escape of the King by the Fire breaking out
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in *New Market*, he touches very lightly upon, tho' it was the common Cry of the Nation, and very well known by himself at that time.

The Reader must observe, that when Parliaments were not able to do the Business of a thorough Subversion of Monarchy, the Whigs were resolv'd to have recourse to violent Measures, upon their own Strength in the City and Kingdom: How mad these Projects were in a Nation far from being unanimous in the Defection, I need not say. However this does not affect the credibility of the Relation, for some Men are hurried often by a precipitate Fate to their own Ruin, so these Gentlemen form'd themselves into a Council of Six, which appear'd afterwards not to be form'd to carry on any peaceful Designs.

The Witnesses in this Plot were Persons who excepting their being in the Plot, were without exception, I mean as Evidences.

West was a Creature of my Lord *Shaftsbury's*, and trusted by him in the most Important Secrets of their dark Designs. *Rumsey* had been an Officer in *Oliver Cromwell's* Army, and ill principled enough to come into any Measures to destroy the Royal Family, yet compunction stir'd up Repentance in even these Men, tho' the Doctor calls it Romantick and Ridiculous, yet they were neither Fools, nor did they want corroborating Evidences to every thing there

there said. *Keeling* was another an hot fiery Anabaptist, who mix'd in all the Whig Divisions of the City, and was in Principle intirely theirs; his Brother the Doctor own'd to be a Man of probity, and he join'd in the Evidence with him.

West's and *Rumsey's* Narratives are express as to the Day on which it was to be executed, even that very Day on which the King intended to return from *New Market*. This the Doctor calls amazing. It is true, it was amazingly impious, but not amazingly improbable. I have seen the *Rye House* my self, and I think a more unlucky place could not have been pitch'd upon: For the House like a Citadel commands the Road which is a narrow Pass, and the Mischief might have been done without any preparation of Horses and Men. The Doctor calls it an House upon an Heath, in which he either betrays his Ignorance, or his want of Probity; for the Situation of the Countrey was such, as to afford Cover enough for Men to have made their Escapes.

'Tis time now for the Doctor to refresh himself with a few foreign Lies. He travels into *France*; he was so intimately acquainted with the Duke of *Montausier*, Tutor to the Dauphine, as to get out the Secret from him, that his Pupil was a Blockhead. The Doctor was caress'd at Court, and the King of *France* order'd his Coaches to wait upon him

him. He cannot give an account of the surprizing Civilities he met with: But he gives an hint, that the King of *France* was ambitious, as he was a writer of History, to get him over to his side. But the Doctor was all cool; he refus'd a Pension and an Audience of the King, because he cou'd not have the Honour to be presented by the Minister of *England*. This is a *Spanish* Air; yet he omits to tell us, that he did write a Book in Defence of the King of *France's* Regale, and receiv'd a Pension for the same, *as I am credibly inform'd by those who had it from others*. However he speaks of himself here as a Person on whom the Eyes of all Europe were fix'd, as well as his own upon himself; he even stretch'd the Punctilio of Honour: For in the King of *France's* Dominions, he might have waited upon that Monarch at his desired Instance, whose Power was great enough to shew him the Bastile.

Marshal *Bellefonds*, out of respect to the Doctor's Character, carried him to the King of *France's* Whore, in order to convert him to Popery, and the Marshal went between 'em both, an Errand with no more Ceremony than a Laquais. I hope the Doctor's Ghost will not be offended if I desire to be excus'd from believing this. I have seen something of the *French* Court, but never observ'd their Marshals so humble, as to attend the Preacher at the Rolls like Footmen. Surely

ly no Man ever convers'd so much as the Doctor with antiquated Whores; he takes particular care to give 'em a fair Character for Heaven: He does the same Service for tatter'd Beaus and decay'd Whore Masters. *Treville* who lay with the Dutchess of *Orleans* retir'd from the World upon her being poison'd, and became a great Devotee, and had a true Sense of Religion, v. pag. 566.

Let us leave *France*, and take a View of our *English* Affairs, and the Doctor's Character again. There *Jefferys*, he says, was made Lord Chief Justice, tho' always drunk: He was not at all learned in his Profession, and his Eloquence, tho' copious, was very vicious. As for Drunkenness, that's an epidemical Vice the Doctor fixes upon Bishops, Priests and Laymen, who have not the sober way of doing Mischief, and therefore it is no Scandal. As to the rest, there are many now alive who remember *Jefferys* to have fill'd all Posts, except the Western, very well. And I am told, he has not been outshone by any of his Successors to this Day, whether Lord Chief Justices or Lord Chancellors. If *Jefferys* was always drunk in his Temper, I desire to know what *Algernoon Sidney* was, who the Doctor says, set up *Marcus Brutus* for his Pattern.

I am very sensible some People are very fond of making our Divisions of Whig and

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Tory, a Roman Quarrel. Perhaps this Mistake has done our Country and our Kings no good; for a few classick Words have done as much Mischief as the Cant of Enthusiasm. The first has taken only weaker Heads, and the Mob, and the latter has spread like an Infection amongst our Gentry; for if you can once point out your King to be a Tyrant, call your own Schemes your Countries Cause, you may soon set up such a *Marcus Brutus* as *Sidney* was: Whereas, in my Opinion the Quarrel is upon a different Foot, as wide as Establishment and Innovation are.

For *Brutus* was certainly a Friend to his Country, tho' an Enemy to himself, and to Morality and Humanity in destroying that Usurper *Cæsar*, who really invaded the establish'd Laws of his Country, in bringing the Senate's Servants, their Slaves, the Army against their Walls.

'Tis true, the Faction endeavour'd to fix the Character of Tyranny upon King *Charles*, whereas he was never One, except in their Hands and in their Power who compel'd him, when the Whigs were strong enough to tie down our Princes by Force or awe them with Terror, innocent Blood was plentifully shed from the Veins of unhappy People, otherwise the *Stuarts* were generally very passive in revenging Injuries done to themselves, except one, who in endeavouring to make Re-
sentment,

sentment, keep up to the Mark of Provocation, burst the Banks, and let in an Inundation fatal to his Family.

For my part, I cannot believe King *Charles* was a Papist from the foolish Stories the Doctor relates, that it was expected in *France* he would soon declare himself a Papist, because they might have that Report from sanguine Fools, the Archbishop of *Rheims* might be equally credulous as the rest, and the King of *France* might spread the Jealousie on purpose. (a)

The Doctor proceeds to a foolish Story of a Scheme the King had to restore the Duke of *Monmouth*, and to banish the Duke of *York*, upon which he fell ill, and immediately dy'd with the suspicion of Poison. I know this old Wive's Story without any Foundation, (which the Doctor own'd he had from a Pimp) is introduc'd to blast the Duke. I can never believe the King was introducing Faction again, after he was so happily got rid thereof, nor bringing in *Rye House* Plotters to settle the Tranquility of his Throne: If he had been so inclin'd, Why does the Doctor characterise him so severely. (b) *He lost the Battle of Worcester with too much indifference.* A Friend would have call'd it

(a) See p. 603.

p. 611.

heroick Patience in the deepest plunge of Misfortunes. *He shew'd after the Battle too much care of his Person.* The Doctor was sorry he was not brought up to the Banqueting House at *White-hall* for a Breakfast for *Oliver Cromwel.* I wish the Doctor had inform'd us where the utmost Courage cou'd have retriev'd the Affair, or how his Person cou'd sooner have been convey'd away. This the Doctor says to blind the remarkable Steps of Providence in that Affair. These Whigs wou'd have the *Stuarts* all die upon their Stumps. What a Coward was King *Charles* for running at *Worcester*, King *James* from *Salisbury*, &c. and King *David* from his Son *Absolom*: *Under all his Apprehensions he shew'd a Temper turn'd to Levity.* In short, according to this, he was an Idiot, afraid without having Sense to be fearful: Wou'd the Doctor have had the King put on the Majesty of a Monarch in winding up the Jack, or behave himself with a Cavalcade Air behind *Mrs. Lane*? *He forgot all alike to whom he was oblig'd.* This is false in Fact: *Mrs. Lane* was a Favourite after the Restoration, and the *Pendrels* had Pensions settled upon 'em which are continued to this time. I am credibly inform'd, by those who had it from others, that the King brought after that Escape to *Rouen* not above ten Sols, that an *Englisb* Merchant there furnish'd him with

10000 *l.* That this Merchant was strictly paid upon the Restoration, with as much gratitude as Heart cou'd wish, and the Family now remains with great Reputation and Figure at *Rouen*.

The Doctor gives a very odd turn to the Pleasantness of King *Charles's* Temper, as tho' he had no Sense of Misfortunes, till he was pinch'd for want, and then he was ready to pawn his Titles to *Oliver* for a Pension. This is a common and mobbish Story, where do the Overtures for that purpose appear? if they cou'd not find place in the Doctor's History, they cou'd be no where. I wonder he did not prepare a more formal Story for this purpose,

To conclude that Prince's Character, the Doctor says, he had no tenderness in his Nature, he was nurs'd in Blood, and was like *Tiberius* for Cruelty and Disimulation. The Blood that he shed, as it is commonly ascrib'd to him, was like *Thieves* cutting a Man's Throat, and making him hold the Bason. The Cruelties of the Popish Plot were abhorrent to his Nature, and his Executions for that *Rye House* were just, necessary, and few. The Lord *Russel* seem'd to be the most lamented, who was a hot, proud, bigotted Presbyterian, and under the Shew of Zeal against Popery, had an immortal Hatred against the Royal Family. If King *Charles* had any Cruelty, it was dry Cruelty, ingratitude

titude to his Friends; for if a Man has no tender Sentiments of good Offices he is cruel, and the Doctor has as little of that tenderness as King *Charles* had. He owns, *p.* 618. his vast Obligations to the Duke of *York*; he promises not to load his Reign; how well he performs, we shall soon see.

The Character the Doctor owns King *James* had from *Turenne*, is enough to prove he was a Prince capable of War; and this is as far as *Machiavel* goes. The present C'zar in his Letters to his unhappy Son observes, that Peace often makes a Nation more happy than War, yet a Prince ought to be capable of both, and if he has not personal Strength, he ought to have personal Courage: But at this time, a Nation pamper'd with Luxury and Ease, was just upon the Secret of fighting for Glory and for Allies, and they expected a Prince should open at his first Speech, for a War, to make the Nation secure.

King *James*, however unfortunate in other Respects, was so wise as to keep from a War, tho' prepar'd for one, till he cou'd penetrate what the *German* and *Dutch* Allies drove at, and perhaps deferr'd his Assistance to see whether they wou'd swim or sink without him. This was call'd a strict Alliance with *France* to betray Europe into their Hands, yet King *James* evidently sunk because he wou'd not admit *French* Forces afterwards into his Kingdom.

dom. His Wisdom here was beyond Dispute, and if all his Conduct had been equally prudent, it wou'd not have been the worse for this Nation.

So far the King came to the Throne with a fine Prospect, but we may with the Lady *Winchelsea* say.

How Gayly is at first begun.

*Our Lives uncertain Race,
Which yet that Morning Sun,
With which we first set out to run,
Enlightens all the Place.*

Yet, tho' he began with Spirit, and promis'd all the foreign Ministers to maintain the Ballance of Europe, and order'd *Church-hill* when sent Ambassadour into *France* to omit no State or Ceremony, yet this was all Grimace; for we have it from Mr. *Ward* in the *Inner Temple Lane*, who had it from the Doctor's Executors who had it from the Doctor, who had it from *Rovigny*, a *French Hugonot*, who had it from *Villeroy* a *French Papist*, who had it from the *French King*, that he shou'd say, King *James* wou'd take his Money as well as his Brother had done: Yet if this is so, I have set it before in a true Light. It is better to take Money for a safe and honourable Peace, than to expend it upon a fruitless War.

Upon

Upon this Prince's Accession, a Parliament was call'd, or extracted rather from the People's Inclinations; they express'd the Sense, the Joy and Loyalty of a brave Nation, freed from Delusion, and intire Friends of their Country. The Doctor, *pag.* 628. makes great clamour concerning the Violences us'd, and that it was a pack'd Parliament, yet the Convention, even after the Ferments of that Reign, had a vast number of the same Men return'd again, when no Force on that side cou'd be imagin'd, and as I cannot remember any liv'd in those Times who knew any thing of these irregular Elections, I conclude, it is a Scandal of the Doctors, who wou'd represent King *James* as an Intruder into the Throne against the Inclinations of the People.

He represents the Parliament as Scoundrels, because they complimented King *James*, and encourag'd his generous Promises with equal Gratitude; but he alter'd his Stile and talk'd of abrogating the Test. Did this servile Crew of Scoundrels, as the Doctor wou'd have them to be, ever strike into the Court Measures, and were they not presently dissolv'd? What a Turn of Malice is here in the Doctor's Virulence against the Parliament, because they profess'd the most extensive Affection for the Crown, and for the Church of *England* at the same time, and did not pester the Court with undutiful Addresses

addresses and Remonstrances to sully the transient sunshine of his Reign.

I shall make one Observation on the fatality of this poor King's Conduct in *England*, and how far a good Governour was spoil'd.

When his Brother sent him into *Scotland*, tho' the Doctor cries out upon the Oppressions and Miseries of that Country. He govern'd with so much Prudence, that he left an extravagant Affection behind him, not even to this Day extinguish'd in that Kingdom, if he had not the Low spirited Presbyterians on his side: The Flower of their Nobility and Gentry, who had not forgot the Monarchy of that Kingdom, glorious in former Ages, loved him beyond Expression, and therefore he was capable of pleasing, tho' unfortunate in placing his own Affections, and there was his Ruin.

The first Fruits of the Justice of this Nation was the Punishment of *Oates*. The Doctor leaves it with a slight Rub; he is angry a secular Court should pretend to take away his Gown. I have reason to hold my Tongue upon this Subject, for a Reason best known to my self. However the Doctor's habit was a little obscure. I agree bating, that his Punishment was too light, if guilty, and too heavy if innocent. But I can by no means grant the Saint *Omer's* Witnesses not to be as good as Protestants ones: For I will never come into that unreasonable Clamour against

the Papists, that they take Dispensations for Peticery : However I appeal to the World to judge of two Instances, not supported by *Irish* or Saint *Omer's* Evidences, but taken from his Depositions before the King and Council.

At Sir George *Wakeman's* Trial, Sir *Philip Lloyd*, a Protestant, was sworn concerning what *Oates* depos'd in Council. The Lord Chancellour desir'd him to tell if he knew any thing personally of Sir *George Oates* lift up his Hands, and said, *No God forbid I shou'd say any thing against Sir George Wakeman, for I know nothing more against him.* This *Oates* impudently denied in Court, and said, *He was not in a Condition to make such an Answer, he wanting sleep, so that he was not compos mentis.* Thus it pass'd off with *Oate's* impudent and scurrilous Reflections on the King and Council.

Again, his Swearing *Don John* was a tall black Man, and his impudent denying the same are to me full Evidences alone, that his Punishment was too light.

Thus far some small Reparation was done for the most barbarous Injustice that any Age can parallel, allowing to the Oppression and Violence of the Times. To return to the Parliament, the Doctor informs us a Scheme was on foot, v. pag. 638. to make words Treason; and tho' it was flung out, he is not pleas'd: He said, it wou'd have pass'd if *Monmouth*

mouth had not diverted 'em another way. This is a spiteful Turn of the Doctors, and as ill grounded as it is spiteful.

To deliver my own Opinion, as the Punishment of Treason is very high, the Proof ought to be very plain, as Words are not so permanent as Writings, and Writings not so plain as Facts; our antient Laws insisted upon cruel Acts for very just and plausible Reasons.

The Doctor, *pag.* 645. has a fling at *Turner* and *Kenn*; who at the Execution of the Duke of *Monmouth*, push'd him to a close Repentance of two very publick Sins, *Rebellion* and *Adultery*? He had not Sense to repent of either, and commended his Whore as a pious, godly Woman, who had converted him into a good Man. The Doctor is angry they talk'd so publickly of a publick and notorious Sin: Surely he might distinguish here, for they were not his secret Confessours, but the publick Admonishers of his Conscience; and in my Opinion, that is a Duty incumbent upon a Divine by *St. Paul's* Commission, to rebuke in season, and out of season, and to exhort; for publick Scandal justifies a publick Reproof, v. *pag.* 645.

Monmouth being beaten, the dark Clouds gather'd over King *James's* Reign. Prosperity is often a great Enemy to Princes: He was of a more severe Temper than his Brother,

ther, and being a witness of the Clemency wasted away in the preceeding Reign, a wrong notion in politicks, took a Turn in his Head, that Severity was necessary for Terror, he might give Orders, but when those Orders fell into the Hands of a corrupt Ministry; they hang'd twenty where the King design'd but one, and of this I shall give a remarkable Instance.

Sir *Thomas Cutler* was a commanding Officer at *Wells*, when a great many Prisoners were shut up in the Cloisters there, in order for a Carnage: Sir *Thomas* out of compassion to the poor deluded Creatures, perswaded the good Bishop, who easily came into those Measures to interceed jointly for Mercy towards 'em. The King granted the Request without a groan or any signs of Reluctance; and afterwards meeting with Sir *Thomas Cutler* in a Coach in the Streets, he thank'd Sir *Thomas* for his Intercession, express'd how agreeable it was to him, and wish'd the same Humanity had instanc'd others to do the like. This Relation a most Reverend and Worthy Pen had from Sir *Thomas's* own Mouth. From hence I conclude, we must not too nearly judge of Princes from their Ministry to fix personal Characters upon 'em from their political Transactions.

During these Confusions, the Doctor took a Voyage to *Italy* for two or three Reasons.
One

One is too deep for me here to penetrate, but the most obvious one was the Boots in *Scotland*, or something worse; he had the terrible Examples before his Eyes of his Uncle *Waristoun*, who was brought from *Roven* to die in his own Country by the Halter: And to this the Doctor was very averse, tho' he pretends he was perfectly innocent of all Plots. What made him then so damnably afraid? How happen'd it from time to time? He said to those who consulted him, the critical moment for Resistance was not come. They opened their Hearts to him, and put their Lives into his Hands. How came he to be so great with the Earl of *Shaftsbury*, as to have *Barnard Dennis* recommended to his Familiarity by that Lord; as we may see in the Earl's Trial, 1681. All this smelt very strong of Hemp: But, alas! Gratitude, the Doctor was a stranger to; yet by fits and starts he speaks truth: He says, *King James was an indulgent Father to the Princess Anne*; but how he comes off afterwards we shall see. I am sure Indulgence is not consistent with some following Stories of a warming-pan, &c. for if he cou'd be persuaded to disinherit her for the sake of a chance Child, he was cruel and unjust to his own Flesh and Blood: It is a work of Horror that no middling Character is capable of contriving.

In the mean time, Doctor *Burnet* returning to *Holland*, and was in great Troubles, the Advocate in *Scotland* had Orders to prosecute him, for corresponding with the Lord *Argile*: But his Marriage being much nearer than the Gallows, he found a distinction to bid King *James* a Farewel, by causing himself to be naturaliz'd in *Holland*.

From thence he raises (a) an admirable Scheme of Politicks, that he had transferr'd all his Allegiance from his natural Prince, and upon that Distinction he came over on a *Dutch* Buttom, and cou'd defy the Gallows if he had been taken. If this Hypothesis will hold, the Distinction will save any Man from the Gallows; for if Allegiance is voluntary, and may be transferr'd in Bishop *Burnet's* manner, he is a Fool who does not shun it off at such an Extremity, for that moment you are absolv'd from your Prince, and while he subsists as such, you owe no Allegiance to that Country or to its Laws.

But this ingrateful Creature, not content to shake off his old Patron and his Prince, he blackens King *James* with a design to assassinate his Person, and to give 3000 *l.* for that purpose: And this he has the Assurance to say he had from Prince *George*, and that such an Order was in the Secretaries Office, and

(a) See pag. 726.

yet it came to the Knowledge only of Prince *George*. This does not tell well, it wou'd have made a fine Story for the States to ground their Pretensions of a Quarrel upon.

The Crisis of King *James's* Affairs, was now coming on, while the poor Prince was wheedleing and tempting the profligate to turn Converts, he crouded about his Person, a Set of Confidants, whose Honour hung as loose about 'em as their Religion, and by these means he was sure to be ill serv'd. But the King following a mechanical Religion, was as mechanically Obey'd, as he found to his Cost.

Of these mechanical Gentlemen, the Earl of *Sunderland* was the Chief; he had a perfect Command of the muscles of his Face, and cou'd put on a devout look of any sort whatsoever, to please his Master; our Doctor says, he was a great favourite of the Queen's, tho' I have heard a story some years since from a worthy Clergyman, who heard the Queen speak these following Words.

As for Father *Peter's* being brought into the Council, I was half an hour upon my Knees with the King in tears, to desire him not to do it, but *Sunderland* got it over my Belly: It seems the last is an *Italian* Phrase, when one gets the Ascendant over another in any point.

This

This Story is better attested, than most of the Doctor's I set down, to give Light to a charitable Construction of that Lady's Character, because I'd be always tender to the Fair, and not lead them on unmercifully, as the Doctor, with his Ill Manners too frequently is guilty of.

The mechanical Gentleman, on the other side of the Question, if we may believe the Doctor, was the Earl of *Shrewsbury*, as that Gentleman being so lately dead I shall say nothing of him; but the Doctor's sparkling Character of this Lord, dazles my Eyes, he tells us he was bred a *Papist*, but upon a very critical and anxious Enquiry, he turn'd *Atheist*: This is a bright transition, O Doctor! thy Friends pass thro' ill hands, as well as thy Enemies. v. p. 102.

To return to the close of a gloomy Reign, the Doctor does King *James* a great deal of Justice, in two points; in one Page is the greatest Consequence of all, *viz.* That after one attempt, he gave over all designs of modelling the *English* army. 2dly. That he refus'd the offers of Succours from the *French* King: I know some Words were put into the Lord *Landsdown's* Mouth, to speak upon that Occasion, but the King had Eyes, Ears and Understanding as well as they, and if he had been prepossess'd with a resolution to bring in *Popery* by a *French* Power, why did he refuse in Extremity, *French*

French Troops from abroad vanish'd : It remains, that the Ecclesiastical Supremacy was the most dangerous weapon in his Hands; that in time would have done more mischief than all the rest, *For contemptible and mercenary Clergymen, are often the Powers that can most effectually hurt the Church of England.*

After the King had awak'd the Church of *England* (with these dreadful apprehensions) the Clergy shook the People, with fears and jealousies, I will not pretend to say ill grounded, I have mention'd already from whence they flow'd, and just about the Birth of the Prince of *Wales*, the Breach open'd wider upon sending seven Bishops to the *Tower*, at once. As to the birth of the Prince, I have little, absolutely to say here, only to give a transient view of the Doctor's fidelity and gratitude.

That he cou'd not contrive a worse story of King *James* is very evident, nor with much more awkward Circumstances; the Queen (he says) wou'd go the night before, from *Whitehall* thro' the *Pall-Mall* to *St. James's*, tho' the shorter and quicker was thro' the *Park*.

As to this, I am assur'd by one of her Servants who went with her, that she did go thro' the *Park*, and he dare make an Affidavit thereof, that the Earl of *Godolphin* went by her side in a Sedan; so here's one confi-

P

dent

dent fallhood in the face of the World.
v. p. 751. I wish I could call it the only One.

2dly. The Warming-pan is no feasible project, unless you break the back of the Child to put it in; moreover, as this is supposed to be a tender Infant, just reeking and wet from its Mothers Womb, in that tender State, it wou'd either have cried out in the passage, or have been stiff and dead, and in the variety of motions of tossing it up and down, it wou'd have been a perfect Jelley; the Warming-pan Story is therefore very ridiculous Sketch, that even old Women deride, whose sphere it is to judge thereof.

Of the rest I cannot say a great deal, I refer the Reader to the Depositions: I am more affraid of Publick displeasure, than of the Doctor's Honour in this Case.

This Birth was not long over, but a Tempest came, and swept away all at once, and set the Doctor upon the dry shoar, to prune his Wings, and bask in the heat of the Sun, and warmth of the Place, without any fear of Boats or of a worse Fate, but still the Doctor cannot forget his old Ways. He tells us at *Reading*, an Officer of the Prince of *Orange* was kill'd, who was a *Papist*; the Prince in consideration of his Religion, wou'd have left him in *Holland*, but he begg'd to come: From hence the Reader might conclude, that he was the only *Papist* in the Princes Army; yet he acquaints us

p. 801. That the *Dutch* Guards who were order'd to attend K. *James* were most of them *Papists*, and assisted very reverently at *Mass*, and said their Souls were God's, but their Swords were the Prince of *Oranges's*: Why did he not leave all them behind, if the first relation is true.

Now, the Doctor may make the best of his own Story: King *James* goes down to *Feverham*, the Insults and Barbarities he met with from the Mob are omitted, as no necessary parts of the Doctor's History, nor the reception of the two Gentlemen, who brought an account the King was there safe by their means: What he understood as a Compliment, they understood as a Rebuke for their sawcy familiarity, in pretending to secure the Lord's anointed from Violence.

It was a mercy the poor Prince escap'd from hurt, and the Nation from another charge of *Royal Blood* upon 'em, for the Mob were outrageous, and the impression thereof might hasten his departure afterwards.

The Doctor censures *Sancroft's* Conduct, while he blames his own, for that Prelate had more provocation for the Blood and Spirits than ever *Burnet* had.

I shall not enter upon the merits of the Debates at the Convention, but only observe the falshood of some Facts in History, alledg'd by the Doctor, viz. *William* the Conqueror, promis'd to keep *Edward* the

Confessor's Laws, it was the original Contract between him and the People, and *Edward II.* King *Richard II.*, were Depos'd for breaking those Laws.

No Person meanly vers'd in our *English* History, but knows that *William* entirely abolish'd those Laws for ever ; that those Laws cou'd not be broke by *Edward* and *Richard*, because they were in no Force, nor was the Breach of those Laws ever objected to them.

'Tis equally false, to say, that the Deposition of those Princes, was never disown'd, when we have standing Records, that express all manner of detestation of King *Richard's* Deposition and Murther, which brand *Henry IVth.* as a Usurper.

To conclude, tho' I have not pointed out all Doctor *Burnet's* errours, and gross prevarications, I have at least pointed out enough to blast him for ever, in all respects, as unworthy of immortal Memory as an Historian, a Man of Honour, Conscience and Gratitude.

The Doctor in this performance, has shewn all the frailty's and infirmities of Human Nature, the secret springs of those Passions, by which Statesmen are mov'd, to hate and revenge, from what little Causes they rise bubbling up, till they unite their streams, and become at last a mighty Torrent, and overturn Kingdoms with their force.

But of all Men that ever wrote Memoirs of themselves, Dr. *Burnet* has laid himself most
open

open ; what a vast magazine of Pride and Vanity do we discover, and how deep does his Malice reach ; a Mine in *Peru*, is not more rich in Oar, than his Mind in Scandal ; an Offence against him, runs back, and taints the Blood that has gone before, even to the Great Grandfather.

Let my earnest Prayers to Heaven be, that when I am Dead, my Memory may lie unstir'd, rather than be prais'd by such Men, may gentle Oblivion, cover it from such reproach, whatever else may be my Fate.

That a Man can have, as in the Preface, the assurance to Dedicate this Book to the God of his Life, is making his Folio one big Oath, consisting of a Complication of Perjuries.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

PAGE 98. l. 2. for Peticery r Perjury, p. 99. l. 9. for cruel r overt, p. 100. l. 25. for Pen r. Person, p. 104. l. 27. for *Landstown's* r. *Sunderland*.



